

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

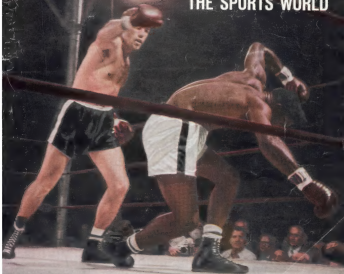
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America's National Sports Weekly

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Cover: *The Big Light* ▶

The only picture in full color of Ingemar Johansson's astonishing victory that you will see this week shows the power that bucked Floyd Patterson's sturdy legs and took the heavyweight title in Sweden.

Photograph by Ray Parker

Next week



▶ A powerful rebuttal is ready for those who despise the ten-year, let you will find her in all her vibrant getting ready to sport the Australian swimwear in the '60-Olympics.

▶ From Hollywood Park in California, Whitney Tower physicians where a dollar at a rare track really goes and explains the intricacies and opportunities of the administration.

▶ Two great sporting classics, Wimbledon and the British Open golf, will be reported from the other side by John McNeill and Henry Longhurst, distinguished English writers.

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Contents

JULY 6, 1959 Volume 11, Number 5

12 America Loses the Big Crown

Ingemar Johansson, undefeated European champion, takes the heavyweight title in Sweden

20 Mr. Anderberg's Odyssey

Sweden's No. 1 sports fan travels 2,000 miles to victory, and our men is right with him

22 Spectacle: Rodeo's Rough Riders

The cowboy's battle against horses and Western bulls, photographed in color by David Goodbaum

28 Welcome to the Ingo Era

Johansson's dominating right has changed the world, as his men of having itself

34 The Stars of the Show

Ray Fenech looks ahead to the All-Star Game, and Walter Bragman introduces Jimmie Dykes

44 The Kramer Cast Needs a Plot

Jack Kramer's touring tennis pros wind up their U.S. tour at Forest Hills amid sympathy

48 Mechanized Marvel of the Sea

She's Nam Sang, a favorite in the Honolulu yacht race. Descriptions and color—and Charles Mitchell

62 Adventure with a New Lone Eagle

Beginning a flight with the modern Lindbergh, Alton Correll, and the log of his record journey

The departments

7 Scoreboard	44 Tennis
8 Baseball's Week	46 Charles Goren
10 Coming Events	47 Boating
28 Events & Discoveries	58 Golf
42 Food	69 19th Hole
	72 Put on the Back

Advertisements on page 7

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SUMMER BOATING EVENTS

The nation's leading races and championships through September

JULY

- 4. Chesapeake Bay, Lee Harbor to Annapolis.
- 4-11. Maryland Trophy, and International Dragon Cup, Dogpans, Capersbury, Denmark.
- 10-11. Boston YC Cruise, Marblehead, Mass.
- 11-13. New York AC Black Island produced by open waters, L.I. Sound.
- 11. Maryland Hatter Race, Marblehead, Mass.
- 12. Sun Cup, 14th, American YC, Bay, N.Y.
- 12-13. Edgar Allan Poe Race, Edgewater, Mass.
- 13. Chicago Mark Two Race, Chicago.
- 13-14. Sachem Race Week, Larchmont YC, N.Y.
- 14. Paul Hagen Marking Race, Paul Hagen, Wash.
- 14-15. Bayard's Bay Regatta, International 10's, Bayard's YC, Stamford, Mass.
- 14-15. American YC cruise, L.I. Sound.
- 14-15. 4. Marblehead Harb. Week, Marblehead, Mass.
- 14-15. 5. Worthington Gold Cup, U.S. Movers, Cambridge Mass, South, and Bay.
- 15-16. 1. International 21 U.S. Championships, Bayshore, N.Y.
- 15-16. 2. New York Yacht Club Cruise, Queen's Yacht Club Cup, East River Larchmont, Conn.

AUGUST

- 1-6. Crown West, Isle of Wight, England.
- 1-6. North American Star Championships, Jersey Park, Chicago. First and all regattas.
- 2-7. Boston YC Cruise, Buzzards Bay, N.Y.
- 2-7. International "Plastic" Championships, Lake Champlain, Calif.
- 4-6. Pompano International, Long Beach, Calif.
- 4. Boston YC Regatta Cruise Race, open, Marblehead, Mass.
- 5. Falmouth Regatta, Cruise to Plymouth, England.
- 5. Newport Harbor Regatta, Calif.
- 5-6. 10. International Championships, San Diego YC, Calif.
- 8-11. John Laker U.S. events, Puller Bay, Ohio.
- 11. Hopkins Trophy, Quincy Adams, Riverside YC, Conn.
- 10-11. Highlander Nationals, Fresh Landing, N.C.
- 11-12. Hunter Nationals, Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.
- 12-13. 10-Meter Series, Eastern YC, Marblehead, Mass.
- 13-15. Star World Championships, Newport Harbor, Calif.
- 15-16. 10. A Regatta, Class A, B, C and D Series, Lake Michigan, Bayshore, Mass.
- 20-22. Finn Monoprop North American Championships, Chicago.
- 20-22. English International, Oyster Bay YC, Great Neck, N.Y.
- 20-22. North American Finn, Delfin Race, Oyster Bay, N.Y.
- 20. 10-Meter Series, Cleveland YC, Ohio.
- 20-21. 4. Pan American Games, Chicago.
- 20-22. Sun Cup, 15th, New York Yacht Club, Long Island YC, Bayshore, N.Y.
- 20. Sun Cup, junior nationals, Larchmont, New York, Conn.

SEPTEMBER

- 1-3. International 21's class Championships, Chelsea, Mass.
- 4. Starboard-Forward Race, L.I. Sound.
- 4-5. Maryland Bay Race Week, Bay Whitingham, N.Y.
- 10-11. Crown International, Haver YC, N.Y.
- 11-12. Royal 14 Nationals, Vermont, Ohio.
- 12-13. North American Finley regatta, Royal St. Lawrence YC, Montreal, Que.
- 13. Military Cup, men's regatta, Catalina YC, Torrance California YC, Golden Gate, Calif., Texas.
- 13-14. 10. North American 6-Meter Championships and Canada vs. U.S. team race, Race, 10. New York Yacht Club, Bayshore, N.Y.
- 13-14. 1. U.S. Mover Nationals and American Cup, International American YC, Upper Bay, N.Y.

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Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization



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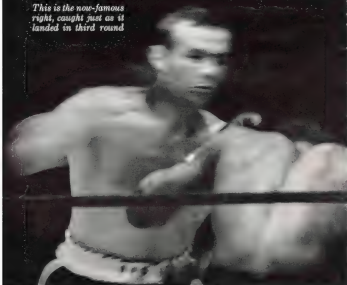


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'SO QUICK YOU WILL NOT SEE IT'

Three pictures from TelePrompTer's vivid ring-side movie of the heavy-weight title fight show the blurring speed and dire authority of Ingemar Johansson's right hand as he clubs down Floyd Patterson. For Martin Kane's story of the fight, turn page

This is the now-famous right, caught just as it landed in third round





BOXING GREET'S ITS NEW

The world-shaking victory of Ingemar Johansson, Swedish winner of boxing's heavyweight crown, opened a bright new era for the sport and revived a star-crossed promoter's luck

by MARTIN KANE

THE SPORTS WORLD has a new look today, a fine, delicious look, thanks to the virile right hand of a handsome Viking who scored with it one of the most stunning upsets boxing's heavyweight division has known. With his stupefying right, Ingemar Johansson, the nationally derided challenger, honored only in his native Sweden, became the heavyweight champion of the world. And so Floyd Patterson, the youngest man ever to win the championship, became the youngest ever to lose it.

The right hand, hidden astoundingly in prefight training and, indeed, scorned by many a skeptic as a preposterous Nordic myth, flashed through the bug-swarming air at Yankee Stadium, crashed straight as a lance into the nose, mouth and chin of Floyd Patterson and shattered boxing's status quo.

Angry who had bent over to look at the film of the Johansson-Eddie Machen fight, widely distributed, should have respected that right. It was a straight right, the very right Johansson showed in three jugs: a couple of weeks ago—24, June 22, the right he showed so correctly as his "best punch," and a right that must now go down in boxing's history textbooks as the best straight-punch ever seen.

It has previous flat, this right hand. With it Johansson, all but unknown as the western champion contender, knocked out Machen, then the No. 1 contender, last September in a single round and so vaulted himself onto the top of what will certainly be a million-dollar heap and could pile higher as prizefighting's special kind of inflation sets in. A return match, contractually set for 30 days from the night of June 26, is already being

discussed in terms of millions of dollars for television, radio and movie rights alone, with a live gate that can be evaluated only by the fact that this first bout, booked on the sports pages and beset by plagues of lawsuits and other debilitating news, drew more than half its \$410,512.25 revenue from persons willing and presumably able to pay \$100 a seat to watch. One wonders what fantastic sum the novice promoter, Bill Rosenzahn, now will dare to charge for his "red carpet" ring-side tickets to the return match. A \$500 slot has been brazenly suggested to him, and Rosenzahn, aware of the value inherent in this new sports situation that he created, has, in an evasive and willing way, consented that he would not be averse. He is now in a position to set an all-time record, easily exceeding the 23 guineas that Britons paid in 1922 (about \$125 then) to see George Carpenter knock out Ted Kidlaw in a single round. Rosenzahn is a risk taker; his glory, and it may find out money isn't glory, what?

The crowd of 21,561 who leaved an evening downpour and a previous day's postponement to see the fight got every penny's worth in entertainment. The crowds who stayed away because of threatening weather will pay for it throughout a bitter eternity of regret. There was only one round of fighting that was worth more than a nickel, but that round was precious.

It was the third round, the last round, the round that made a fabulous dream come true. To synopsise the sad but soul-splitting saga, Ingemar Johansson, a Swede, had returned from the 1952 Olympics in disgrace. A Swedish newspaper headline damned him with: *Isådan, för*

skam! He had, by all accounts, including those of expert eyewitnesses, shown a cowardly disinclination to fight an American named Ed Sanders. It was well known at the time that all American fighters, except freaks, are invincible and that all European fighters are lined descendants of Phaulsting Phil Scott. Sanders was an amateur of some attainments as a puncher, and when Ingemar persistently faded away from him as Ingemar was later to fade away from Patterson it seemed only natural to disqualify him for not trying, as the referee soon did.

In three same trials Patterson, an invincible American, won his gold medal as a middleweight. Ingemar and Sanders were deprived of even a second-place award and he was not allowed to stand on the platform for the official boxing and picture-taking. He was, you might say, expelled. It was a dreadful disgrace, and some Swedish men started a campaign to ban boxing as altogether too brutal to be borne, a national intoxication that has less time to time afflicted other European countries.

All Sweden was shamed and, to an extent, all the world, by this Olympic disgrace.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH

As the years passed, Ingemar, though sorry heart, dismissed the disaster with the serene assurance that comes from a clear conscience. Initially, over the years, he pleaded innocence and pleaded it again to me last January in Göteborg, Sweden, when I was there observing the proceedings incident to the signing of his proposed match with Patterson.

It was a simple plea and it is now clearly the simple truth. His corner had advised Ingemar to make Sanders do all the leading and to counterpunch him. Sanders, a natural counterpuncher, had a somewhat similar idea. Neither fighter did any leading, and the referee kept pleading with them to fight. And then,

DAWN

In what must have been a classical magisterial fit of pique, he picked on Ingemar for disqualification. It took almost seven years for Ingemar to secure the decision in prizefighting's only court of justice—the ring itself.

That was Ingemar's victory over the champion of the world, the man who had won the world's highest honors while Ingemar was winning disgrace, made honey-laden by the memory of that sour incident. Not until last Friday night was the Johansson version of the Olympic tragedy accepted universally. No one will deny it now. At ringside, just before the bell, it was used to demoralize him for the final time. You won't hear much about it any more.

Ingemar came back tears of disgrace along a long, hard road. Campaigning as a professional, he defeated 21 opponents before he met Patterson. 13 of them by knockout. But not one of those victories, nor their sum total, fully bleached the Olympic stain. He had to beat the professional champion of the world to do it. When he did beat him it was with dramatic indifference and certainty, in a way that won him moral victory over everyone who had doubted his stature as a fighter or his cool and certain courage in the ring.

The courage was not tested by any overt adversity in the fight, for Patterson, master of the fastest combinations ever seen on a heavyweight, never did get a chance to complete one of them. The only signs of courage required of Johansson in this brief and one-sided fight were that he look calmly pleased to be in the same ring with the champion and that he do his job well. He carried out both assignments.

The Johansson defense is simple and supremely effective. Watching

continued

DARRELL HOWE came for "the big promotion." Resting on the bench, when the fight's second postponement is announced.



It, one back to the 1952 Olympics. It does seem as if this fellow, sneaking out a long left and retreating quickly before every punch thrown at him, might indeed be afraid to fight. But all it means is that he does not care to be hit any, intends to win with his best weapon, that extraordinary right. Meanwhile, biding his time, he uses a long and persistent left jab as both a point scorer and a device to confuse and discourage and make desperately careless his opponent. He uses his surprisingly fast feet to stay out of harm's way.

Thus it was that in the first two rounds of the championship fight he started off Patterson's efforts with the jab—sometimes a mere annoying flick of the extended glove, sometimes a fairly sharp probe. At the same time his big feet, which had clumped through the Stadium mud

to the ring, seemed in a flash plastic rain boots, carried him backward with perfect timing, precisely right to counter the championship charge.

These feet were astonishingly adept for a man who weighed 194 pounds in Patterson's bed. With them he was able to circle both clockwise and counterclockwise, to retreat and to advance, always just out of Patterson's range, always just close enough to snap the jab into Patterson's face whenever eager Patterson, crowding and gloating, tried to get close enough to fire a burst. The jabs kept him off. The circling and backing held him ineffective.

A *Washington Associated Press* man studying notes of the fight reported that in the first round Johansson threw 93 jabs and in the second threw 107.

When his bell ended the second round, Patterson did what was for him an ungentlemanly thing. He

crowded at an opponent. It created some comment afterward and largely was overlooked, though not very much. The crowd has been variously interpreted by principals to the management. Patterson, disappointed before anyone could ask him what a possible explanation might be that he was disgusted by his inability to reach Johansson and rightly blamed Johansson for it.

The famous right hand, crowded for so long in training, but not to *Seneca* *Manassas*'s Robert Rippe, was publicly revealed for the first time late in the first round as part of a left-right-left combination to the head. It had high impact, and was working like what was to come. Patterson, seeking some way to get past the incessant jab, tried a couple of his famous bores, to show his intention to close with an elusive opponent, and failed each time as Johansson withdrew just enough to avoid solid impact. Johansson won this round, in my opinion and against the majority official opinion, on almost his jab alone.

SCENE OF DEFEAT

But it was not, so far as scoring went, a significant round. Neither was the second, won by Patterson. Their significance lay in the fact that Patterson was up against something altogether new in his brief experience—an opponent who could nullify his famous punching speed with speed of foot. Try as he would, Patterson could not get close enough to Johansson to cut loose with the body attack that had weakened other challengers, slowed them enough to permit a blazing head combination and a knockout. There was that pony jab to hold him at bay and there was that carefully and effectively timed withdrawal securing always at the very moment Patterson was about to cut loose. It was enough to make any man sweat.

Patterson tried a couple of leaps to the body in the second round, and they did him no particular good against his retreating target. Johansson, on his account, managed a couple of right leads to the head, each followed by a left hook, but they had little meaning.

When had much more meaning to a student of boxing who is also a trusted lieutenant in the camp of Gus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, was a Johansson move that looked a trifle clumsy and unattractive.

BROTHER BOB, FINEST AND MOST AND INDIAN OWNERSHIP (LARRY HAYES)



It came late in the second round when Patterson managed at last to achieve infighting range. Johansson simply grabbed him and hugged him in his powerful arms. It was not the stylish kind of clinch the academics teach. It was just a plain hug.

"That was when I knew we were in trouble," said Charlie Black, D'Amato's dear friend. "This fellow wasn't going to let Floyd work on him inside."

Patterson was that round, mostly by jabbing harder, though far less often, than Johansson. Still, it was a close-run race.

Then came the third round. It started out with little more excitement to command it than the previous two had offered. There were again those "Chinese" water-torture jabs by Johansson and there was Patterson crouching again like a cat about to pounce on a robin but not quite sure he can manage the distance before the bird flies away.

And then the most astonishing thing happened. Patterson was down and the ludicrous 3-to-1 odds that had favored him looked like what happened to the stock market on Black Friday.

It was the first of seven knock-downs, each of them delivered by the suddenly revealed straight right hand of Ingemar, though his left helped out occasionally. It was preceded by a left hook that Patterson caught typically on his right glove, but the straight short right that followed it so swiftly penetrated the champion's famous peekaboo defense, sliding between the two upraised gloves and crashing into Patterson's face.

Patterson said later that he did not see the punch. It is unlikely that he consciously saw any that followed it. He fell to the canvas on his back and remained there, rolling to rise, while Referee Ruby Goldstein counted nine. When he got up, he was clearly out on his feet, wobbling like a 3 a.m. drunk. Had this been anything less than a championship fight Goldstein would have stopped it as soon as he saw Patterson turn his back on Johansson and stagger toward Johansson's corner as though seeking the assistance of a friend to walk him home.

Johansson is known in the boxing trade as a "finisher," which means that he does not pause to admire his work when he has an opponent in difficulties. He rushed Patterson, tried to circle him to oppose him from the

front, and then crashed a left hook against his jaw from behind. As Floyd started down under the impact of that punch, Johansson caught him again with the right hand, this time to the back of the head. Patterson, his title fading with the seconds, went down once more. He rose gallantly again but, as D'Amato was to say later in his curiously erudite way, "The punches were too functional." Patterson's body could not handle the level of shock reflected even though his heart and soul wanted to fight.

STERNITY OF SWEDES

Up again, he made the futile, pathetic gesture of going into his old crouch and soon managed to throw a few sad, passing imitations of an old familiar combination that starts with a left hook to the body. He did not realize that at the moment he was too far from his opponent to reach him. Durdily, Johansson knocked him down again, this time

with a right to the head followed by a left-hand push. Four more rights, each a knockdown, and the last one to the top of the head, ended it. This time Goldstein did not even bother to count to one. He rushed forward, and with an eternity of 87 seconds left to go in the round, stopped the fight.

The Swedes are held to be a phlegmatic people but their joy in Ingemar now knows all restraint. Several hundred on them had flown the distance to see this very debauchment and its sudden ending, scores of them broke through police lines, which never are very efficient at the big fights, and swarmed over the spectators' tables, and into the ring to greet their champion, the first world titleholder Sweden has ever had.

Thus glory and justice came at last to Ingemar Johansson, the champion of 1962.

To win this fight Ingemar looks

astonished



PATTERSON'S WIFE, SANDRA, SEES HER HUSBAND FUNNELED INTO DEFEAT

many a cherished rule of training, traditional but meaningless rules that require prizefighters to live in monkish seclusion, apart from wives and families, sometimes for months on end, restricted in their pleasures to comic books and television. These rules have been invented by trainers and managers, though doctors scorn them. Ingemar scandalized the sports world by openly enjoying the company of his parents, his siblings and his fiancée, while living in a \$100,000 country home near Grossinger's Hotel in the beautiful Catskills. Prizefighters are supposed to diet on beef, preferably steaks, but Ingemar loved his herring and ice cream. Fighters are ordered to abstain night-clubs but Ingemar slipped out occasionally for a bit of dancing with his girl. And then, in the ring, he scarcely bowed at all and never once threw his right hand with any appreciable force.

It was all most unorthodox and it sent him into Yankee Stadium relaxed and hardy.

An avid witness to the proceedings was Promoter Rosenzohn, the sad-faced gambler who had lost 20 pounds off his spare 4-foot frame

normally 150 pounds: as he sweated out everything from lawsuits to the weather that seemed to doom what was only his second fight. A morning rain and an inaccurate weather forecast for the evening forced postponement of the fight from Thursday night, which turned out to be quite pleasant for a late June night, to Friday, which turned out to be most unpleasant as thunderstorms rolled down on the Stadium from upstate and caused uncounted thousands to stay in their homes. The rain stopped only 30 minutes before fight time and by then it had cost Rosenzohn a loss of \$40,000 on the promotion. «The fighters did much better. Patterson's share of all incomes was estimated at \$600,000, Johansson's at \$250,000.

ROSENZOHNS ON THE THROAT

The promotion, nonetheless, put Rosenzohn on boxing's most desirable throne—control of the heavyweight championship. Had Patterson won, Rosenzohn would have been out of the fight game, which badly needs a man of his keen imagination and daring. He had quarreled with D'Amato and with Irving B. Kahn, president of TelePrompTer, who had bought the rights to closed circuit

television, radio and moving pictures. But Rosenzohn, who alone among fight promoters had had the wit to fly to Sweden for Johansson's engagement with Machen, and there signed him to a title fight contract, was betting that Johansson would win and recoup for him his fortunes in a return bout.

That return fight may now take place in September, though there is always a dubiousness about fight contracts, and it should make Rosenzohn a very rich young man (he is 39). It may well establish him as successor to Tex Rickard, Mike Jacobs and James D. Morris, all of whom used the heavyweight championship to project them into domination of prizefighting.

The day after the fight Rosenzohn repeated what many had been saying in the hall park.

"This is the best thing that has happened to boxing since Frankie Carbo went to jail," he said. "It makes it clear that you never can tell what will happen when two good fighters get into the ring. Hereafter no one will ever pay any attention to 5-to-1 odds. They don't mean anything."

Except, that is, to those Sweden who bet on Ingemar. **END**



DOWN AND DARED In the first round, Patterson struggles up from the canvas with reflexes swif and courage still high.

UNDEFEATED FACE of the new champion glows with spirit of victory that brought him back from Olympic disaster.



MR. ANDERBERG'S ODYSSEY

by JOHN MULLIKEN

One of our European correspondents John Sunden's No. 1 boxing fan in Göteborg, shares with him during the trials and triumphs of his trip to Yankee Stadium and watches his passionate reaction to victory in a new country

OTHMOR: ANDERBERG is a short, dumpy middle-age Swede, not obviously cut in any heroic mold. But he seemed conscious of a date with destiny when, three days before the fight, he shipped across the ocean at Gumminger's training camp to greet his countryman, Ingemar Johansson.

"He—Ingemar," he-beamed, eyes bright with the excitement of a devout pilgrim at the end of a long journey. Big Ingemar smiled back with delighted affection.

"My Gubben," he returned, and, then, turning to the small crowd of trainers, newspapermen and members of his family, he announced, as though bringing on the main event at a big stadium, his "mythic right" held high: "This is Sunden's No. 1 boxing fan. He follows me everywhere I fight—Denmark, Germany, England and now all the way here."

Fifty-four-year-old Othmor Anderberg of Göteborg, Sweden, is certainly the most persistent of the hundreds of Swedish fight fans who traveled the 1,000 miles by ship and plane to cheer on the greatest fighter in the history of their small country. These Swedes were consumed of Ingemar's triumph, and they wanted to be on hand to savor, personally, every aspect and nuance of it.

Most of them, however, and especially Othmor, were to find the pilgrimage to Yankee Stadium packed with frustration, disappointment and—in the case of Mr. Anderberg—actual physical injury. As the heroic did in ancient times, Anderberg finally made it to the 2:00 minute mark of the third round, but a lesser fan would have given up leaving, Sweden, and even Ingemar long before the rain stopped falling Friday night on Yankee Stadium.

In Göteborg, Anderberg's main in-

terest is sports soccer which he played for the city of Göteborg until he was 34), trotting (he owns four horses which "at least are not losing money"), track and field and, of course, boxing and Ingemar. He is such a sports fan that his wife is separated from him. His secondary concern is with his business of timber exporting. He is a member of a celebrated sporting group known to Swedish fans as the "wooden lasses" because it is composed of 10 lumbermen who individually make 10 boats in the first row at all the big fights. Because they always bet on Ingemar and because Ingemar has not lost in 22 times as a professional, they have come to be considered rather lucky.

On June 12 Mr. Anderberg took off gaily from Göteborg for New York as part of a special travel-business package deal designed to cover Swedish fans' air tickets and hotel bills, the total sum to be paid in Sweden with Swedish kroner at special lower prices. Anderberg figures the trip will cost him \$1,000, a considerable sum to a Swede, even a prosperous one.

Othmor's troubles began in the plane. He was sitting in the economy section next to a window, through which cold air blew down upon him throughout the night and kept him

awake. His sports training, however, has disciplined him into ignoring such trifling inconvenience, and he passed his time discussing Ingemar, with whom he is on an informal basis.

He was not bothered by the tones of Ingemar's training habits, which the Swedish press had reported to include nightclubbing. "Ingemar is a man who goes his own way and he feels happy doing it. And I think it is absolutely wrong for other people to talk against it. We have a Swedish word for Ingemar—*orling*. It means—what he feels suits him, he does. I think the world would be a lot better off if there were more like him."

Next morning at 7:30 in Idlewild airport's main lobby, Mr. Anderberg groggily peered with tired eyes at a new land. Everything fascinated him. He chose to compare the U.S. with Britain rather than with his own country. "All these things seem smart and clean here. It makes a good first impression, and many people keep their first impression. Have you ever come from Tifany in London and taken the boat train to St. Pancras? Shocking. I don't know why there's no style in England."

After spending 20 minutes crawling through early-morning traffic on



LEAVING SWEDEN, Mr. Anderberg pauses on ramp to look back at waiting friends.



EXAMINING new shoes, Mr. Anderberg chats about Catfish mauling with fans.

the Long Island parkway system. Mr. Anderberg reacted, he hinted on Lexington Avenue where he released another unexpected first impression. "Then my phobias always thought there are cars out here we would see the people parking the people around. But they don't. They park across Sweden, especially in Stockholm." Looking out at the 9 o'clock time from windows into other buildings, he added, "They are so calm and steady here. I guess you have been through your parking period and we're just getting into ours."

Next morning Mr. Anderberg, with the other Swedes, set off for three days to negotiate some day at his own. On Lexington Avenue he got out of the car, became confused, because traffic in Sweden runs on the left side of the road, didn't look at what he was doing and planned the car down on his finger, almost cutting it off.

As four and a half hour, with eight stitches and a small fracture under a large white bandage on his right index finger, Andersson was still optimistic. "You know, that car on the deck didn't even ask me my name, just got on with me. In a Swedish hospital they would have asked a lot of silly last questions. They all make the long face in Sweden, you know."

On the New York Times, Mr. Anderberg ran into more complications. The director of his car was pulled by a state trooper, for not keeping over on the right. Waving his bandaged finger, Mr. Anderberg tried to help. He felt strongly that it was more true, anyone to interrupt the passage of Swedish fans to inspire. The trooper evaluated the situation differently. "Is that guy a Swedish diplomat?" he growled. "Well, well here we can't help him and we better get back in the car and calm down."

Back from Grossinger's, where he had a pleasant moment with Ingegnar, Mr. Anderberg found he still had two days to kill before the fight. He also found other Swedes, confused and running out of roads, huddled together pathetically in the kitchen of various New York hotels. Andersson, using his fluent English, became the spokesman for the Lexington Hotel delegation, numbering over 40.

It was, for instance, Mr. Anderberg who discovered the nearby delicatessens to which he brought other Swedes so that they could buy bottles of



IN CAR IN NEW YORK, MR. ANDERBERG, SWEDISH TRADER, WAS SEEN.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by David Goodson

**Rodeo cowboys battle
broncos and Brahma bulls in
the sort of rugged life that
small boys only dream about**

Dust and Dreams of Glory

AT ONE TIME or another practically every kid in America has wanted to be a cowboy. But very few ever get the chance given to Chan Davis of Belle Fourche, S.Dak. (see page 56) to go galloping into the middle of a wild and woolly western rodeo. In a sense, it is a good thing they can't, for, as the pictures at right and on the following pages show, the life of the rodeo cowboy is not always smooth. In a standard rodeo there are five events—saddle bronc riding, bareback bronc riding, steer wrestling, calf roping and bull riding. In each one of these events the cowboy has anywhere from eight seconds (Brahma bull riding) to 30 seconds (calf roping) to outlast, outsmart, outwrestle and otherwise subdue a fast-moving critter who outweighs him by anything up to a ton. And these are not just any old animals. A rodeo bronc is a born rebel who has the instincts to perform his wicked acrobatics the day he walks out of his mother's stall. For the rest of his working life, which may last for 30 years, he gets meaner and meaner, learning how to twist, kick, snub and hit the earth with a stiff-legged jolt that will send even the most rugged professional rider sailing toward the mud of the rodeo arena. The Brahma bull is, if anything, even nastlier than the bronc. Whereas the bronc tosses his man just to get rid of him, the Brahma tosses him for a starter, then does his best to trample or gore his rider before the man can scramble away. In short, it is the kind of life where, as one top cowboy said recently, "You don't have to think about retiring."

For all of that, however, the cowboy's life is still the stuff of which a small boy's fantasies are made. When the gates of the bucking chute hang open, in Cheyenne or Augusta, Montana, out comes the broncobuster kicking his legs and flashing his spurs to the cheers of thousands. If he lasts through the ride, the cheers grow louder. If he wins the event or the whole rodeo, he has cash to buy more cowboy clothes and steers for his ranch. And if, at the end of the year-long rodeo circuit, he wins more money than anyone else, the newspapers, the rodeo fans and his fellow riders will greet him with the title King of the Cowboys. Any boy, 7 or 70, who says he doesn't want that just isn't telling the truth.

HEADING FOR THE DIRT, professional rider Sonny Linger

from the town of Bark, Burnett, Texas, competes

unhindered during bronc competition in Cheyenne, Wyo.





BUCKING BRAHMA—crafts rider May Hamilton (tumbling into dust of arena, above) is thwarted by rope-wearing rodeo clown (below) as Rhesuslike scumbler for cover





DARING YOUNGSTER Chan Davis, 18, of Belle Fourche, S. Dak.

seizes bucking rope to try no-hands ride. Gallant gesture ended
seconds later with Chan on ground and calf still exerting in ring



How to get on the green without wasting a stroke!

By CARY MIDDLECOFF

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Welcome to the Igo Era

In Swedish newspapers the next day they called it Ingemar's foregale, and they said, correctly, that it felled Floyd Patterson. The Swedes were simply saying what the rest of an aroused, observant world of sports was saying: Ingemar's right-hand punch wrought Floyd. Indeed, the Swedes might have put it in even stronger terms. Ingemar's foregale on Friday night carried a detonating blast of such forcefulness that the weather horizons of boxing itself have been recast.

For a generation the heavyweight

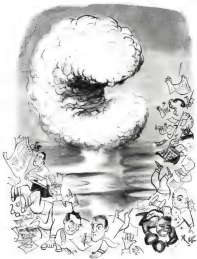
championship of the world has been an American monopoly and, brooding over a situation that appeared irreversible forever, many a Western European had half made up his mind that America was welcome to it. In Ingemar Johansson's own Sweden, although Sportman King Gustav Adolph, 76, rose betimes to hush the outcome, the Swedish state radio barred ring-side accounts from Yankee Stadium on the official grounds that pugilism appeals only to "ungentlemanly instincts." But the Swedish radio was the laughing stock of Sweden last week. In the Igo Era the grand old sport of boxing has taken

on a fresh new international gleam.

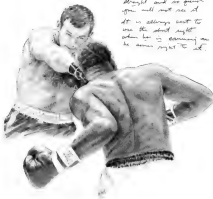
For a generation, boxing championships have changed hands in this country in an atmosphere of diminished public attentiveness and of increased public weariness with the succession of monopoly-seeking promoters, undersewer managers and victimized "tigers." The new heavyweight champion of the world is no promoter's pawn, he is his own manager and considerable of his own trainer, and anybody who aims to victimize him should plan to get up early.

"I know what I am doing," Igo kept saying, and it is now clear to everybody that he did. The possibility that this engaging young Swede knew what he was doing first became apparent last September when he knocked out Eddie Machen of California with his Angerley in Göteborg. All the lessons of a generation argued that it was a fluke or even a fix. Readers of this magazine will remember with pleasure, however, that ET's Martin Kane took off overseas for a time look at Igo and reported (see clips at right): Igo is the Man for 1956. Kane continued: "The chances are that Johansson owns the most devastating right-hand punch of any heavyweight currently practicing."

It is human and forgivable to recall now that a great many experts, watching Johansson in training, concluded that Igo's right hand was a Scandinavian fairy tale, that his training was all wrong, and that he was simply another of the "bums" inspired by cautious Gus D'Amato as leather fodder for Floyd. Jack Dempsey watched Johansson work out and could summon only an uncommunicative mumble afterward: Dempsey picked Patterson. And the day after the fight, with a burst of humor mixed with honest anguish, Dempsey remarked: "I really liked Johansson but my ghostwriter would not let me say so." And then there was Rocky Marciano, writing for a newspaper syndicate, who anointed Johansson for bringing his mother,



There is many about right
thought and as far as
you will not see it
it is always best to
own the about right
when he is drawing on
he comes right to the



**"... I WILL USE MY
BEST PUNCH!"**

Then spoke Ingemar Johansson to the man who drew this prophetic picture in the June 22 issue—perhaps the only outsider to whom Johansson truly revealed his right during prefight training—53 Artist Robert

Artist Riger, who had watched 46 rounds of Legnani's sparring during which the right was kept almost idly cocked, persuaded Ingo to give Sports Illustrated an exclusive demonstration in the garage of his ranch house in the Catskills.

At one point Ingerman bade the 5-foot-4-inch, 140-pound Riger: "Stand still and see if you can see it coming—I will not hit you, at least not hard." Riger could not see it coming, but his movie camera did. After a stint at his drawing board he produced this picture, of which Ingerman said with enthusiasm: "Yes. This is my short right. Straight and so quick."

An even earlier foreshadowing comes in Martin Kane's January 1934 issue story, which is reprinted below.

SPORTS
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CONCLUSIONS

INGO IS THE MAN FOR 1959

On Monday, March 26, 2013, the 2013's season is over, and the leading copyright challenge is a trademark.

[illegible][illegible]

recombinant DNA technology (Mullis *et al.*, 1986) and polymerase chain reaction (PCR) (Mullis *et al.*, 1986) have revolutionized the field of molecular biology. The PCR technique, which was developed by Kary Mullis and his colleagues at the Cetus Corporation, has become a standard tool for molecular biology. It allows for the rapid amplification of specific DNA sequences, making it possible to study genes and their expression in great detail. The PCR technique has been used in a wide variety of applications, including the study of genetic diseases, the identification of pathogens, and the analysis of ancient DNA. The PCR technique has also been used in the study of gene expression, allowing researchers to measure the levels of specific genes in a cell or tissue. The PCR technique has revolutionized the field of molecular biology and has become an essential tool for researchers in this field.

Prigoni, who was some six of the light as out about the eyes that he probably will not be able to fight against someone he had met from the time planned for a Royal Pasternon. Between him, which can be seen from a Pasternon-Crozier light in Oldham, among the Crozier, because Pasternon, suggests from an

under way, says a spokeswoman. "We're very intelligent, knowing and confident. We know what we want, and we're not afraid to ask for it."

Interpreting these findings as a "test" of the "strong" form of the rational choice hypothesis, the authors conclude that the results are "inconsistent with the rational choice hypothesis." However, the authors also note that the results are "consistent with the rational choice hypothesis" if the hypothesis is interpreted as a "weak" form of the hypothesis.

his father, his brother, his sister and a sprinkling of Banetos to the training camp. "A fighter needs to be alone," Rocky said. The day after the fight Rocky raised himself from the canvas in a gallant gesture: "Now tell me, who had the best training methods? Ingemar with his Birgit or me with my Charley Goldman and Al Wolf? And both without gloves."

[illegible]

in the June 22nd issue that: "Patterson can, to be sure, be hit with a right hand, but anyone who does it must face the consequences. The chances are that he can and will surprise (and) beat and, in the end, knock him out." Our man brings the story up to date this week. There is to be a rematch, and admires of Floyd Patterson's brilliant style and majestic heart are back behind the fight.

a thesis, certainly true until now, that anyone who can hit Patterson with a right hand must lose the consciousness. But for now...

Let us just say that Inge's Swedish massage was the best thing that has happened to Young's body politic since the onset dismembered the International Bowling Club. It is the kind of therapy that will restore it to

[illegible]

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

health even while grand juries now meeting in New York and Los Angeles are exposing still more diseased areas.

We congratulate Bill Rosenzahn, the thoughtlessly decided "boy promoter," for his remarkable staying powers which sustained him throughout a long promotional nightmare in which he withstood treatment far rougher than that handed out to Patterson in the ring.

We congratulate Ingemar Johansson, the new champ, who had the high good humor and firm sense of purpose to ignore his playfully irresponsible downgrading by the winoholmers of the U.S. press.

We congratulate that battle-scarred Marine, General Mel Kruehwich, chairman of New York's boxing commission, for persisting through trials as testing as those of Job or Bill Rosenzahn in his efforts to bring his big town the big fight.

Most of all we congratulate the 22,000 boxing fans who braved all the obstacles thrown in their path by man and nature and made their way to their wet seats in Yankee Stadium, pursuing the conviction of faith and judgment that there is no greater privilege for the true fan than to witness a great spectacle of sport "live."

While we are in this congratulatory mood, we might as well congratulate \$40,000 or so who will in years to come claim that they were present in the flesh on that fateful night of June 28, 1959 when the sudden skies

opened and released the "islander and lightning" of the Smiling Swede's terrible swift right.

Good.

Recessional

THIS AFTERNOON OF Harlem he is in Manhattan directly across the Harlem River from Yankee Stadium. Thousands of Harlemites were in the Stadium when Ingemar Johansson knocked out Floyd Patterson, and many of them, after the fight was over, walked back home across Macomb's Dam Bridge. Their mood was one of disappointment rather than shock, for Patterson has never been a real hero in Harlem, and they spoke of Johansson with genuine respect for his prowess.

"I never knew he was that good," one man said. "I didn't have no money, but if I did I would of bet \$100 on Patterson, even with them 5-to-1 odds. Man, he hit him hard."

"Nobody hits like that cat," said another man, walking back over the bridge with a girl. "Patterson didn't know where he was at. He was drough after that first knockdown."

A third man swung around. "Why didn't he hold on?" he demanded. "Man can hold on, can't he? He came up one time, he swinging. Why didn't he just hold on? Man can hold on for one round."

A little man said quietly, "He couldn't think what he was doing."

"What's he want to think for?"

snapped the angry man. "He not supposed to think. He not a thinking-fighter."

The crowd flowed unevenly across the bridge in constantly changing groups. Conversations that started in one cluster of people drifted and carried to others. A tall man who had heard the complaint about Patterson's failure to clinch and held fell a step or two behind.

"You know," he said to a friend, "I believe that Archie Moore would have did it."

"You mean old Arch?"

"I mean old, old, old, old, old Arch. How many times he down in Montreal? He held on. He came back. And he won."

The crowd streamed off the bridge and down the incline toward Eighth Avenue. The little man who had just spoken up for Patterson spoke again.

"I don't think he can do it twice," he said.

His companion looked at him. "Ninety days," he said. "Ninety days from now."

The Same Old Gus

THE DAY AFTER his fighter lost the heavyweight championship of the world, Gus D'Amato sat in a delicatessen off Broadway with his old friend Charlie Black and said he wasn't hungry and said he was the same man.

"I don't think I changed when Floyd became champion," he said. "I don't think I've changed now. I have no feeling myself. Whatever feeling I have is about Floyd personally. But he is an intelligent fellow who knows that things happened for specific reasons even if he does not know how they happened."

"I am very detached. I was very detached at the end of the fight. I thought of three things then. The first thing I thought of was Charlie (who has a bad heart). The second thing I thought of was I wondered if I had enough money to pay off all my debts. The third thing I'm going to tell you is a strange thing. Before Floyd went to Europe for the Olympics I said he was going to be Olympic champion, then Rookie of the

continued

They Said It

FRANK LANE, *Cleveland Indians' general manager, finding a ready reason why his ball club plays so much better on the road than at home: "When we're away, the players stay in air-conditioned hotels and sleep from eight to 12 hours a day. But at home the kids get there up early in the morning. Their wives send them shopping and they're got a thousand and one things to do."*

MARK ISA, *Oklahoma State basketball coach, on parents' coiffing of athletes: "Don't ever tell one of your players that if his man scores you'll take him out of the game. He won't stop at the bench. He'll go right to the phone and call his mother, and then you'll be in trouble with the teachers."*

BUC BEARNS, *manager of Archie Moore, before leaving for Montreal (where Archie will fight Vron Donelle): "The Queen and the Prince will be in the city, and I'm going to try and get them to knight Archie. If they do that, he will be Sir Archibald or His Lordship."*

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Year, then Fighter of the Year, then the youngest heavyweight champion in history and then the greatest heavyweight that ever lived. In my mind I was so sure that these things would happen that as they developed and happened I wasn't surprised.

"But when Floyd lost I thought something was happening that wasn't part of the book. How can it happen, I thought. The whole thing was a pattern, it was preordained. But then I realized that I left out a piece of the pattern. Then I realized what I had forgotten. Since it involved losing I never thought of it. It was that Floyd would be the first heavyweight champion to regain his title."

A visitor asked D'Amato if Jahanzade's victory showed a deficiency in Patterson's style of fighting.

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with it," said D'Amato. "It wasn't the style but what the other guy did at the right time. Nothing in perfect. The only thing you can do is reduce the minimum."

"When Schmeling knocked out Louis," said Charlie Black, "they said Louis walked from the ring. He didn't walk. Twelve cops carried him. I know. I was there. Your fighter walked, Cos."

"Yes, I know," said Cos D'Amato.

Sagwanan Homers

TWO JAPANESE have a nice phrase for a game-deciding hit blasted into the stands of Koshien Stadium in Tokyo. It's a *sagwanan* home. Since *sagwanan* means farewell, a *sagwanan* home is the most exciting finish possible to a Japanese ball game, and last week fans were electrified when one wrapped up the first professional game ever seen by the Emperor.

A sports fan in a dignified way, Hirohito has lately been noticed turning to baseball on the palace TV sets, and his aides, who are Tokyo Giant fans, contrived to have him officially invited to a night game between the Giants (leading the league) and the fourth-place Hanshin Tigers. His acceptance was almost eager, and Japanese fans were set for a terrific hunt for their sport—provided the game was a good one, and provided the Emperor enjoyed it.

He arrived at Koshien Stadium two minutes before game time, re-

ceived a standing ovation from 45,000 fans, waved his hat jauntily to the ballplayers who were lined up, rigid with nervousness, across home plate. For three innings the game barely moved. Everyone was too frightened as being under the Imperial eye. Hirohito was expressionless, except for polite nods to a baseball expert explaining the game to him. The Giants' ace pitcher, Motojō Fujita (11-2), walked a man, and a hit to center brought in the first Tiger run. In the bottom of the fifth, the Giants' third baseman, Shigeo Nagashima, tied the score with a homer into the right-field bleachers, and the Emperor was hanging over the edge of the Imperial box, looking down on home plate. The next Giant batter also homered. But then the Giants went down in succession, and Hirohito sank back into his chair. The word swept around the stadium: "He is an *Shokko*!"—a Tokyo man—a Giant fan!

Both pitchers were losing control. In the top of the sixth the Tigers came roaring back with three runs. In the seventh the Giants tied it again on a two-run homer by First Baseman Sadaharu Waga. The Tiger manager, Kaiser Tanaka, a Hawaiian Nisei, yanked his pitcher for a speedball artist in relief. By the last half of the ninth, with the score still tied, Hirohito was crouched in the royal box, with a strained, tense face, when the Giants' third baseman, Nagashima, again came to bat. The count went up to two and two before Nagashima belted a breast-high fast ball into the left-field stands, his second homer of the day, the tie-breaking score that gave

it to the Giants 5 to 4—a real *sagwanan* home, a three-goes-year-old ball-game blast. The Emperor sank back, with relief on his features, smiled distantly at the Emperor and forgot to



wave to the crowd when he left. The Emperor nudged him, and he turned to bow politely to the wildly applauding fans, who now ranked him as one of themselves.

The Nonpoliticians (cont.)

FROM A MAN resolutely dedicated to holding himself aloof from international politics, the International Olympic Committee's Chairman Avery Brundage was chalking up an impressive record of accomplishment in his nonchance career. In the weeks since we first reported and commented here on the IOC's self-styled "non-political" decision to outlaw Nationalist China and declare Mao Tse-tung's China the legal overlords of all Chinese athletes (81, June 8 et seq.), that decision and Brundage's defense of it have earned the condemnation of 1) the Congress of the United States, 2) the U.S. Department of State, 3) the President of the United States, 4) a host of private individuals and organizations, including the U.S. Olympic Committee and the American Legion.

By what must be sheerest coincidence, however, the decision and Brundage have both earned high praise in Moscow and Peking.

Last week, as if in augury of further nonpolitical decisions to come, President Andrianov of the Russian Olympic Committee promised drastic action at the next IOC meeting in February 1959 to bring the West Germans and the South Koreans in line with the Red Chinese decision. He also nonpolitically urged all international sports organizations "to purge the Chiang Kai-shekists from their ranks."

On purely athletic grounds, of course. END



Safe Safaristeer

He started on safari.
But very soon returned:
The game is far too wild to play
Safari's too concerned.

— KRAU, DeTimo

AND NOW THE STARS OF THE SHOW

In a mercenary mood, the major leaguers split their big midsummer spectacle into two parts. Act I goes on next week in Pittsburgh, and it still figures to be quite a show

by ROY TERRELL

BIG SUN OF DECEASED, HERBY AARON RECEIVED MAXIMUM 608 VOTES TO LEAD POLL.



TWO ANNUAL Major League All-Star Games, traditional time for fun and frolic at the midway point in the pennant races, is going to be twice as traditional in 1959. Praised for 28 years as a wonderful exhibition on the one hand, and condemned as a silly exhibition on the other hand, it has suddenly become a wonderfully silly exhibition with two hands. Both of them are being held out for the public entertainment dollar.

Which, of course, is the idea. Operating on the theory that anything good, when doubled, is twice as good—and ignoring the possibility that something good, when cut in two, might not be even half as good—the players have elected to hold two All-Star games this summer. Act I takes place in Pittsburgh's Forbes Field next Tuesday. Act II moves into the Los Angeles Coliseum on August 3. The cast in both games will be approximately the same. The lineups will be identical.

It is nice that baseball fans on the West Coast are having the opportunity to see all the big stars perform now instead of awaiting their regular turn, which, in the normal course of events, might not come around until 1963 or 1972 or whenever Walter O'Malley goes all the way and lawyers cleaned out of Chavez Ravine. But that is not why Act II is being introduced. The fans can look out for themselves. The motive is frankly financial.

From the proceeds of the Los Angeles show, the players expect to collect almost a quarter-million dollars to help pay off indebtedness on their pension plan. The club owners realize nothing from this double feature except that it helps get the players off their heels when the time comes to split up the World Series radio and television loot. So everyone is happy. More or less. It is not certain now whether a third game will be scheduled to decide a 1959 All-Star champion should the National and American League squads split the first two games; but, happily, there is an open date in both leagues on the third Thursday after Labor Day. This should do nicely, since the World Series will still be almost a week away.

This has all been settled for quite some time now, however, and anyone who objects to the idea of a second All-Star Game can stay away from the television set on August 3. Certainly the first game—that's the old one—looks as exciting as ever, and it



ALL-STAR PICTURE AT SECOND BASE IS CHICAGO'S ALWAYS AGGRESSIVE NELLIE FOX

couldn't have come at a better time, right in the middle of two hectic pennant races. The National League is used to this sort of thing, but the American League could stand a rest.

Not for years has there been such a scramble among five teams fighting for the lead and perhaps never have all eight teams been so closely bunched going into July. For two decades kings of the hill, the Yankees were clobbered often and early, fell into the cellar and are still struggling to get back up. Cleveland, off to an incredible start, has managed to hang on tenuously. Baltimore, a have-not for years, now has, particularly pitching. Detroit lost 13 of its first

13 games, but now the Tigers are battling for the lead, too. And Chicago, perhaps the soundest team of all except that it can't hit home runs, keeps rattling around from first to fifth and stirring things up. This may be the year, says Frank Lane, when nobody wins the pennant.

The American League is winning something else, however. Fans. The Indians are up almost a quarter of a million in attendance over 1968 and the spectacle of the Yankees wallowing in the depths has already sent 140,000 extra-paying customers pouring into the big stadium in The Bronx. Washington, too is doing very well; the Senators may not win

any pennants but as long as they continue to attack league home run records, the crowds will come. As a matter of fact, the attendance of every team in the league has increased, with the exception of Detroit, which is now fast recovering from that miserable start, and Boston, which has not only been losing but losing without Ted Williams.

If this has been an American League year, however, the All-Star Game (Act I) should turn out to be close and exciting down to the last out. Almost never have two teams been selected which were so nearly equal in ability. In fact, they are almost identical.

OPPOSITE NUMBERS

Katie Matheson and Harmon Killebrew, the two home run leaders, will be playing opposite each other at third base. Johnny Temple and Nellie Fox are the same type competitor, whether at second or on the bases or at bat. Willie Mays and Al Kaline are vastly gifted center fielders, and each swings a big bat. Wally Moon and Minnie Miñoso are alike in left field, and the catchers, Del Crandall and Gus Triandos, have a general resemblance in their abilities. Bill Skowron and Orlando Cepeda, the rival first basemen, are big and strong and drive in a lot of runs. If there is an edge, it is slight and belongs to the National League.

Henry Aaron is having a phenomenal year and must be considered superior to powerful Rocky Colavito in right field. Aaron's 208 All-Star votes led the balloting in both leagues. As a matter of fact, 208 was all the votes he could get; under the rules his own teammates weren't allowed to vote for him and everyone else did. Ernie Banks, because of his great hitting ability, is far more dangerous than the little fielding wizard, Luis Aparicio, at short. And the National League bench, where Manager Fred Harvey can call on hitters like Brock Burroughs, Bill White (who lost out to Moon in the closest balloting on either squad), Ken Boyer, Joe Cunningham, Vada Pinson (the sensational youngster who was dealt something of an injustice by being passed over for Mays) and Frank Robinson, is apparently superior to anything Casey Stengel's American League can produce. Stengel's best are Mickey Martin, a surprise second choice to Kaline, and Harvey Kuenn, the

Continued

league batting leader who narrowly lost out to Caloriva.

Each team is choosing a man. Their names are Ted Williams and Stan Musial and this will be the first All-Star Game in 20 years in which one or the other—and usually both—has not appeared in two starting lineups. Since the two managers have the privilege of naming the balance of the two squads behind the paid winners, and since Haney and Stengel can be controversial men, both Williams and Musial are almost certain to be selected and eventually get to play—or at least pinch-hit. But with their absence

from the starting lineups another sea in baseball seems to have passed.

With or without Williams and Musial, however, the outcome, as usual, will probably depend upon pitching. The National League can't help but be tough, with a pitching staff selected from a group which includes Pittsburgh's amazing little relief star, Hoy Hax, Johnny Antonelli of the Giants, Don Drysdale of the Dodgers, Don Newcombe of the Reds, Lew Burdette and Warren Spahn of the Braves, and Yaneque David Mays of the Cardinals. Together, these seven have already won 81 games.

Stengel's pitching potential is not quite so impressive. He has Hoyt Wil-

helm, Baltimore's krackle-ball man, and Early Wynn of the White Sox. The rest of the staff will have to come from among Cal McLish and Herb Score of the Indians, Frank Lary of Detroit, Bud Daley of Kansas City and his own Ryne Duren and Whitey Ford. Each is winning, none is having a great year. At the moment Wynn looks like the only potential 20-game winner in the league.

The National League pitching is as better. Maybe this means the National League will win.

Actually, hardly anyone cares. The fun is in watching the game's superstars perform. And, with his deadly, wrist-popping swing. And Mays,

THE MAN WHO MADE THE TIGER ROAR

by WALTER BINGHAM

THE All-Star Game is a recognition by professionals of the best performances during the first half of the season. That recognition goes to players alone—but if an All-Star manager were also elected, the vote for standout performance in the first half of 1959 would have to go to Jimmie Dykes, the salty little Irishman who has restored Detroit's faith in its Tiger.

Jimmie came to the city in early May, the new manager of a team with a record of two wins and 15 losses. The Tiger lay in a dark corner, beaten and sniffling. Jimmie Dykes picked it up, wiped its nose, gave it a kick in the rear and into forward the Tiger would reach the .500 level by All-Star time. That time is now here and the Tiger is over .500, just a few games out of first place.

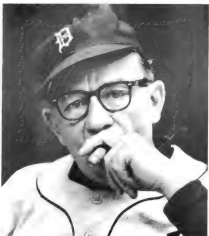
It is possible you already knew Jimmie Dykes from some place; Philadelphia, perhaps, in those roving years following the first war, or Chicago, during FDR's long rising. More recently, Jimmie has been in Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and it may be that you get to know him in one or another of those towns, especially if you spent any time at the ball park.

Dykes has spent much of his life at the ball park. He is a professional baseball man, in his time a player, a manager and a coach. Thirty seasons ago he was Connie Mack's boy, a

tough little infielder who helped the Athletics win three straight pennants. He played 22 years, the last seven for Chicago, and he was the American League's starting third baseman in the first All-Star Game ever played, in 1933. He became the manager of the White Sox in 1954 and held the

job for 12 years. Since leaving there, his career has been a hodgepodge of baseball jobs, some managing, some coaching. He began this season, at the age of 63, as a coach for the Pittsburgh Pirates. But on May 2, as he was taking a shower in the Pittsburgh locker room, the phone rang, and 10

JIMMIE DYKES, WEARING HIS DETROIT CAP AT A LAUNTY ANGLE, ENJOYS A BIG SNIFF



tormenting the pitchers and blasting, capias, around the bases. Aparicio and Fox, working their magic at second, Calavito and Capadua, Killebrew and Mathews, Banks and Slocum, all swinging for the fences. The wobbly flatter of Wilhelm's knuckle ball and the gate-breaking hot ball with which Fane had already won 12 games. The determination of Early Wynn and the mauling speed of Drysdale. Mickey Martie coming up to pinch-hit in the clutch.

That is why they have an All-Star Game. Not for pension funds. The old one was always a wonderful and entertaining performance. Let's hope Joe II doesn't dilute the show.

retires later, Jackie Dykes was the manager of the Tigers.

On Sunday, May 3 Detroit was to play the Yankees in a double-header. Two hours before game time Dykes held a brief clubhouse meeting. As a rule he is against such gatherings.

"They're like golf losers," he has said. "You get the players to thinking about so many things, they forget to hit the ball."

But this first day seemed to demand some sort of talk. Dykes stood before the disheartened team and told them: "I can't hit, I can't throw, and God knows I can't run, so I can't help you." That was about all he said. The Tigers went out and beat the Yankees in both games and were on the way back.

Six weeks later Jimmie Dykes was in Baltimore, dressing for a game. Hoyt Wilhelm was scheduled to pitch against Detroit that night and, so far, Wilhelm was undefeated. This, however, did not bother Dykes. Nothing could have bothered him. His Tiesas were winning.

As he dressed, cramming his stocky body into his heavy gray flannel uniform, a gathering of reporters, photographers and old acquaintances stood by. The world loves a winner, who was it said, and Jimmie Doyle was the latest example.

Dylan reached into his locker and produced a box of expensive cigars. Nobody in baseball smokes more cigars than Jimmie. He is rarely without one. He opened the box and placed it on the table.

¹⁰ *Id.*, 1999 WL 100922, at *10 (S.D.N.Y. 1999).

¹⁰“You pay for these, Jimmie,” and



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FROM DYKES continued

acquaintance asked him, reaching into the box.

Dykes gave him a sharp look. "You bet your fancy I didn't. Those cigars are 45¢ apiece. Dykes does not go that high. I'd have to manage for more than a year to afford these. No, I got these from a friend in New York."

Somebody mentioned that Wilhelm would be pitching that night.

Dykes shrugged his shoulders. "Nobody ever won them all. Somebody has to beat him and it might as well be us. At least the wind is right for it tonight. It's blowing in from behind him. That makes his knuckleball less effective."

"You given the boys any special instructions?" someone asked.

"Hell, no," Dykes shouted. "I just told them to meet the ball, not to try to kill it."

Some people left and a new group arrived. One of them was a lean man with dark hair. Dykes saw him and got to his feet.

"Good to see you, Dick," he roared. "This is the Rev. Richard Armstrong. Dick used to be my publicity man at Philadelphia. I'm going to have to watch my language now."

Dykes removed his black horn-rimmed glasses and put them away. He produced another pair with yellow lenses, night glasses, he explained.

"I'm surprised to find that everywhere we go, people are rooting for us. Why, of those 50,000 people in Yankee Stadium yesterday, 35,000 must have been cheering the Tigers."

Dykes did not leave for the dugout until 10 minutes before game time, and only then did the locker room crowd disperse.

The game began and, wind or no wind, Wilhelm's knuckleball was effective. Ray Narlski, Detroit's pitcher, was tough, too, and through four innings there was no scoring. Then, in the fifth, Baltimore got a run.

In the Detroit dugout Dykes watched the game from a catcher's crouch, balanced on the cement steps. Occasionally he rose and pored the side in front of the bench, but he always returned to his crouch. His deep bullfrog's voice kept up a constant roar of encouragement. Between shouts he spanked his hands together.

In the sixth inning the Tigers called for three runs. When they scored two more in the seventh, Wilhelm

was driven out. Narlski retired the Orioles in the seventh, but in the eighth they scored a run and put runners on second and third with two out. That sent Jimmie out to the mound.

THE END

It was necessary that Narlski be taken out, for he was tired and Dykes could not afford to let the two runners score. Warming up in the bullpen were Dave Siler, a right-handed Princeton graduate, and Pete Burnside, a left-handed Dartmouth graduate. The day before, in Yankee Stadium, Siler had relieved Burnside, probably the first time in baseball history that one Ivy League pitcher has relieved another. Now Dykes had to choose one. The next batter, Billy Klaus, was a left-handed batter, but Dykes knew that if he put in the Dartmouth boy, Klaus would be removed for the dangerous Gus Triandos, a right-handed batter. So Dykes chose Princeton.

Klaus hit Siler's first pitch for a single, and both runners scored. Now it was 3-4 and the tying run was on base. Gene Woodling, Baltimore's best hitter and a left-handed batter, was up. In the prism box some people thought Dykes would now bring in Burnside, for Baltimore would surely not pinch-hit for Woodling. But Dykes stared at Siler, and the tall pitcher got Woodling out.

In the ninth the Tigers scored an insurance run. Then Siler took the mound and got the first two Orioles out. However he fell behind the third batter, two balls and no strikes.

"He'll be taking this pitch, Dave," boomed Dykes from his crouch. His words came from the depths of his throat and sounded more like grunts.

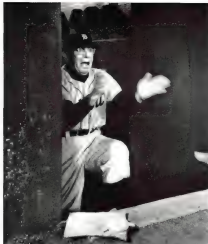
Siler threw a strike and the batter took it.

"That a boy, Dave. Come on, Dave."

Siler threw a third ball, then strike two.

One pitch away. "Get it over, Dave," roared Dykes. "Make him hit it." Siler got set. Dykes got set. The pitch was a ball. The batter walked, and the tying run came to the plate. "Damn," growled Dykes. He had lost a battle. He rose and stretched himself, then returned to his crouch. Another battle was about to begin.

A minute later it was over. The batter grounded out, and Dykes and the rest of the Tigers were in the



IN THE DUGOUT, SANDERS KEEPS UP A STRAIGHT ROAD OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO HIS TEAM

locker room with another victory. Within seconds the manager's quarters were filled with well-wishers.

Dykens peeled off his jersey, then plopped in his chair and poured some beer in a glass. He was already smoking a cigar. A photographer began taking pictures of him.

"You'd better not take any of me drinking this beer," he warned. "Cocaine will fine me \$99 bucks if you photograph me drinking in uniform. Of course the beer company may send me a thousand for the advertising."

A Baltimore reporter wandered in and wanted to know if Dykens had had somebody throwing knuckle balls to the Tigers in batting practice.

"Hell, no," yelled Dykens. "Batting practice is a time for fun. If I have somebody throw a knuckle and they can't hit him, they're likely to get discouraged. I've got two of the best batting-practice pitchers there are, Hitchcock and Hudlin. They can't get anybody out. Makes the batters feel good."

Dykens sipped his beer, then rubbed his eyes. They were red. He looked tired.

The phone rang, and Charlie Cree-

don, the traveling secretary, answered it. Then he handed it to Jimmie. "Daytona Beach," he said.

"Daytona Beach?" asked Jimmie. "Don't know anyone from there, do I? Hello. What? Thank you. Well, let's not go that far ahead. Yeah, we beat Wilhelm." Dykens held the phone away from him and shrugged his shoulders. The guests in the room remained silent. "Well, we'll do our best," Dykens told the phone. "Who? Kaseen? Just a minute." Dykens put down the phone. "Somebody get Kaseen, he wants to speak to Kaseen."

Dykens returned to his chair. On the table were two telegrams that had arrived the day before. One was from a Montana Yankee hater. The other was from a Detroit barbershop. In it were congratulations and a suggested lineup change.

"I'd better throw this away," muttered Dykens. "He may be righter than anyone knows."

He finished his beer and got ready for a shower. The king's court began to leave. Dykens took one more puff from his cigar.

"You know," he said, "when you're

continued

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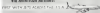
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SPALDING

AND THE BALL IS ALIVE!

JIMMIE DYKES continues

winning, the beer tastes better and so do the cigars!" Then he went to his shower.

At 10 o'clock the next morning, Jimmie Dykes, dressed in a neat blue pin-stripe suit, sat in the elegant dining room of the grand Baltimore Hotel. He was in a good mood. He ordered a large orange juice, a poached egg and coffee. When the waitress left he tucked the large white-linen napkin under his collar.

"I smoke about 20 cigars a day," he said. "I start right after breakfast and continue until bed. I do not smoke lying down on a couch. I'll close my eyes and my wife will come behind and take the cigar from my fingers. Then, without opening my eyes, I'll say, 'Now you can put it back, Mary,' and she'll say, 'I thought you were asleep.' I've told her that if I ever buy something with one of my cigars, I'll buy her whatever she wants."

Jimmie and Mary McMonagle Dykes live in Norristown, Pa. during the winter, not far from Philadelphia and within driving distance of their three children and 12 grandchildren.

"One Christmas we had the whole family under one roof," Dykes said. "I nearly went crazy."

A noisy man walked to the table and said good morning to Dykes. "What's 'Tumpy' Henries?" Jimmie said. "One of my coaches. He was a Yankee, the dog."

The conversation turned to the game the night before. Wip, he was asked, had he left Dave Seiderman to pitch to Gene Woodling?

"He had only three outs to pitch," the manager said. "If I took him out then, I might ruin him. That would be a good way to wreck his morale."

The waitress brought Dykes his poached egg. "You're Mr. Dykes, aren't you?" she asked. Jimmie nodded. "I remember you when you managed the Orioles," she continued. "I think that was 1934."

"Yes, it was."

"I just want to wish you the best of luck. Everybody is so happy about how well you're doing."

Jimmie thanked her and she left. He was silent.

"This must be baseball at its best, isn't it?" he was asked. "I mean this last six weeks?"

Jimmie Dykes took a cigar from his pocket and lit it. Then he nodded his head and smiled.

END



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Lunch in Cuernavaca

A Mexican 'caballero' and his lady entertain informally in a magnificent setting

THE TOWN of Cuernavaca lies in an atmosphere of luminous haze and ancient memories on a plateau some 49 miles south and 3,000 feet closer to sea level than Mexico City. It is a country town full of flowers and trees, singing birds and running water, where villas seem to be dreaming in the privacy of their walled gardens and time can be forgotten. The rulers of Mexico have been coming to Cuernavaca ever since the days of the Indian kings to find relaxation away from the pressures of life in Mexico City. And the place has swallowed up the conquerors—Aztec, Spanish and Austrian alike. The Rivera family that mark the compass are living in the castle Cortés built, and mangoes have crumpled the terraces of the romantic Borda Gardens where Maximilian's ghost must walk.

When I visited Cuernavaca recently, I thought of Sibilla Bedford's description of it in her fine book on Mexico, *The Sizzling Life*: "The sky was flawless, and, swimming, one could see the snows of two volcanoes." There they were, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, indescribable snow peaks rising as high and as lightly in the midday firmament as clouds. We had been fortunate enough to be asked to lunch with Don Juan de Ortíz Monasterio and his beautiful wife, Doña Carlota de Ugarte de Ortíz Monasterio, who were weekendening at their country house. We swam in a turquoise pool over-shadowed by palm trees and afterwards wandered peacefully in a delicious garden among jacarandas, sapote trees and embowering bougainvilleas. "Do you wonder," Doña Carlota said, "that we love it here?"

In town the Monasterios are active in civic and social affairs, and Doña Carlota, a Spaniard of aristocratic birth, entertains frequently at their house in the elegant Lomas district of Mexico City. Guests as often as not include visitors from the United States. Genial, popular Juan Monasterio, whose mother was an American, spent part of his youth north of the border and is a graduate of Tulane. Today a widely known international banker and financier, he told me with a laugh about his first job in a bank, which was in New Orleans. "Every day," he said, "I took the streetcar called Desire, on the street called Desire."

At his Cuernavaca property, to which the Monasterios

retreat with their children as often as possible, Don Juan keeps three Thoroughbred saddle horses. A passionate horseman, he loves nothing more than an early morning ride with his 8-year-old daughter, to be followed by *almorzo*, the Spanish second breakfast, which he allows himself only on weekends. The day we arrived, toward noontime, he made a special point of leading his guests first to the paddock to admire Toody-Pan, Yo-Yo and Circus Man. After this a swim, and our host served us a wonderful drink that he calls a *Monasterio*—composed of white Bacardi rum and Italian sweet vermouth, roughly half and half, poured over ice in an old-fashioned glass. Then, on the terrace of the cool, shade-filled house—some of its walls frecced with leafy patterns, as can be seen in the picture—we were served a most delectable *cocido* (midday meal).

Here is what Doña Carlota gave us on that happy day: *gascuñole*, a preparation of alligator pear, beaped in a ring of cold rice and served with a basket of paper-thin, homemade tortillas; *huanachinaspito* (breaded red snapper) with vegetable and chili sauce; and mango-ice cream. Given below is the Monasterios' household recipe for a Mexican national dish which is a delightful summer treat.

ALLIGATOR

There are approximately 100 recipes of *gascuñole* as there are cooks in Mexico. This one, presented in a ring of rice, is particularly delicious. The recipe serves twelve.

For the rice ring, thoroughly rinse 5 cups of unprocessed rice, then throw into 8 quarts of boiling water containing 2 tablespoons of salt. This is best done in two pots. Boil uncovered for approximately 20 minutes. Drain; rinse well under cold water tap. Oil a 1½-quart-capacity mold (or two 3-pint molds) with olive oil. Pack rice firmly in molds. Chill in refrigerator.

For the *gascuñole* itself, you will need 8 large, ripe alligator pears; 2 tablespoons of olive oil; 2 medium onions, minced into tiny dice; a handful of slightly wilted leaves of coriander, minced (or, as a substitute, a handful of fresh parsley leaves, stems removed, minced extremely fine and combined with 2 tablespoons of minced onion—available in spice shops—the onion pounded to a coarse powder with a potato masher or other instrument in a wooden bowl). Tabasco sauce, salt and a couple of lemons also are required.

The procedure is to mix the minced onions and herbs together with the olive oil in a bowl, then cut the peeled alligator pears into large dice with a silver knife, squeezing lemon juice over them so the fruit will not darken. Combine all together, and season with about 2 teaspoon of salt and Tabasco to taste.

Unmold the rice ring on a round serving dish. Pile the *gascuñole* in the center. Serve with hot tortillas.

ON THE TERRACE of his lovely villa south of Mexico City, Don Juan de Ortíz Monasterio, with his wife Doña Carlota at left, prepares to serve *gascuñole* at a marble luncheon table.

The Kramer cast lacks a plot

The pro tennis troupe winds up its U.S. tour at Forest Hills amid apathy. The author suggests a future comedy



FAMOUS FOREST HILLS MOMENTS: KRAMER WOULD ONLY A

JACK KRAMER'S traveling minstrel show has made its annual pilgrimage to Forest Hills, the big apple of American amateur tennis. The court troubadours with their tightly strung banjo-shaped instruments, having come and gone again, left us no wonder: Whether the professional game?

The \$15,000 Professional Tournament of Champions opened its eight-day stand on Sunday, June 23 at the West Side Tennis Club, with the two young Australians, Ashley Cooper and Malcolm Anderson, cast in the featured roles. Only around 800 spectators turned out—meaning there were some 12,000 passing, empty seats in the big concrete horseshoe. Two years before, the same two young men, then relatively little-known amateurs, almost packed the place when they met in the finals of the U.S. championship. Last year, still amateurs, they again drew a full house. But as professionals—greater artists by far—they could attract only a sprinkling of such customers and a few curious pigeons. It is an irony of the sport difficult to understand. Later in the week crowds improved but only slightly—reaching 3,000 and 3,500—while across the Atlantic at Wimbledon awkward amateurs incapable of holding the pros' rackets were bringing in 20,000 to 23,000 daily.

Last week Forest Hills entertained the finest collection of tennis talent in the world—a small knot of men who had a total of eight American and five Wimbledon championships among them. This was the game at its best. This was the Kentucky Derby, World Series and Rose Bowl of

tennis. Yet interest in it was meagre.

Quite obviously, the professionals own all the important talent in tennis, while the amateurs own the tradition and the big tournaments. It's a shame the two can't get together. The only way they can, of course, is through an open tournament. The players want it—the amateurs as well as the pros. The fans want it. Many, too, realize, realizing its value to the game as a whole, the need for open competition, one also in favor of open competition.

I think the time has come for the U.S. to strike out on its own. In defiance of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, which is supposed to be the world governing body, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association should let down the bars. Certainly, other countries such as France and Sweden would follow.

The pros continue to learn inspiration. The brilliance of their play—Pamolo Gonzalez' 11-epoch service, Lew Hoad's toppin passing shots, Frank Sedgman's lightning volleys and Ken Rosewall's line-splitting backhand—will illumine the greatest nights in sport. There ought to be a better outlet for them than the present professional tour and its limited tournament appendages. The public still thinks of professional tennis as nothing more than an exhibition, although it has moved well beyond that point. But the pros haven't been able to generate the excitement that arouse the fan. The pros are regarded as actors, not players.

Kramer himself has taken firm steps to eliminate this illusion. He has

increased the size of the professional stable to the point where his personal billfold is beginning to whine. He has changed the tour format from that of a head-to-head exhibition to an innovative plan. During the past year Gonzalez, the pro king, made the debut with his chief rival, Lew Hoad, and the two rookies, Cooper and Anderson. Kitching in they played for \$1,500 on a modified round robin basis. Each night's winners qualified for the feature match on the next night, with the losers having to play the preliminary. The feature match had a \$800 and \$300 breakdown for the winners. The opening match paid \$100 \$200.

THE MAGNET

Gonzalez won the tour on the basis of money earned, beating out Hoad \$29,500 to \$23,100, a difference of only \$6,400, although the young man from Sydney, got the better of big Pamolo in their individual duel, 15 matches to 11. And, Gonzalez is by no means ready to give up his professional throne. He seems to be playing better than at any time in his life. This is accentuated by the fact that he beat Hoad in the finals at both Los Angeles and Toronto closing only at Forest Hills and has consistently outplayed his old nemesis, Sedgman, who once made a habit of knocking him off in Kramer's periodic tournaments. Pamolo continued to be a magnetic figure, and it is amazing that tennis fans aren't lining up for a look at him everywhere he shows. Certainly he is to the game what Ted Williams is to baseball,



SMATTERING OF FAME AT NIGHT SHOW

Sara Sneed and Ben Hogan to golf and Sugar Ray Robinson to boxing. He has tremendous appeal.

Gonzalez' sudden tightening of his grip on his tennis crown must be upsetting to his rivals, who can't keep from regarding him as something of a monster. He is still the loser of the tour. He travels by himself and lives by himself, exchanging pleasantries only at court-side just before he is ready to fire. Their brains-out with that awesome power he possesses. His best friend on the tour, perhaps, is Pancho Segura, and the Braziliense admits that "Pancho is getting more difficult all the time."

There is no logical reason why the pro tournament at Forest Hills shouldn't be a resounding success every year. It is an excellent show. The night performances—under the bright lights and with cooling breezes blowing through the stands—are far more pleasant than the matinee. Besides, the tennis is top class.

I was amazed at the improvement in Anderson and Cooper since the Davis Cup Challenge Round in December. They now play and handle themselves like professionals and slick. Head, once a fretter, has calmed down immensely, and his tennis has shown marked improvement as a result. Tony Trabert proved he still is a formidable contender when he knocked off the speedy Segura, winning one set 28-26. Pancho Segura, at 37, is a marvel—still the darling of the fans with his bandy legs and two-faced returns. There is no doubt about it: Jack Kramer has the cast. All he needs is a plot.



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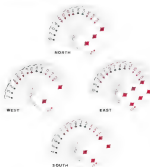
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A museum piece in spades

UNBELIEVABLE! About the kickoff against a suit contract has, through the years, boomeranged too often to be among the most favored opening leads. Occasionally, however, a surprise attack of this kind will be successful, especially if the dummy hand has bid no trump or taken some other action suggesting possession of the king in the suit under consideration.

But, if underleading the ace is a rarity, underleading both the ace and king of a suit should rank as a museum piece. With an uneasy feeling that I am about to cause the more daring among my readers to lose thousands of points, let me recount a deal in which West produced this rare gambit with spectacular success. I don't dare publish it without warning that such drastic treatment should be used only in a dire emergency.

*North-south vulnerable
South dealer*



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	3 NT	PASS
3 NT	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: heart three

North's choice of a two-no-trump response was good despite his four cards in partner's spade suit. Technically he was one point short of the prescribed requirements, but the even distribution of his hand argued for the short road to game.

South cheerfully accepted the no-trump contract for which his hand, too, was well suited. Then North had a sudden change of heart and proceeded to four spades—a lot of judgment of doubtful soundness. With balanced distribution and all suits stopped, distinct preference should be given to a no-trump contract, even though holding four of partner's suit.

With an ear closely tuned to the bidding, West concluded that prospects for defeating the contract on straightforward play were not bright. East could hardly be expected to produce two tricks to augment West's ace and king of hearts, especially with the queen of hearts most apt to turn up in dummy to provide North's stopper in that suit as advertised by the two-no-trump bid.

Drastic measures appeared to be required—and the most drastic thing West could conjure up was the lead of the low heart!

Declarer played dummy's 9 in the hope that West had led from the jack or the king-jack. This appears to be the proper play, though in this case hardly the winning one. Much to his surprise, East won the trick with the jack, and West's lead had gained one of the needed tricks. From what followed, it gained another!

East returned a heart, and West cashed the ace and king. Declarer was now wide open for an appeal, and West put his partner into position to deliver it by returning the fourth heart. East trumped this trick with the 10 of spades. South was forced to overruff with the queen, establishing West's twice-guarded jack as the winning trick.

West's spectacular underlead had gained not just one trick but two!

EXTRA TIPS

Holding four cards in partner's major suit, look for some bid other than a raise when you hold nothing as good as the queen or the jack-10 in the suit, or when you have 4-3-3-3 distribution. In the responder's hand, that distribution is a flaw that demands a deduction of one point from the value of the dummy.

Each of the flaws was present in North's hand and, with the aid of West's unusual lead, each cost a trick. The combination was responsible for the loss of a game that would have been easy at no trump. **END**

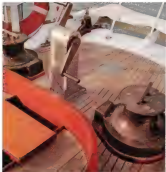


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Compact coffee grinder

Single-drum grinder which turns twin drums which haul 400-mesh sieve and grout screens when used brewing.



High-stress stay lever

Rounded tooth of backstay lever wheel fits into matched holes and keep windward backstay taut in support of the 74-foot mast.



Fitted Swedish hook

Swedish hooks with matched openings are attached to masts, haws and deck fittings, allow quick shackling of running gear.



Malibu-gauge boomprill box

Steel boomprill box encloses backstay-tensioner which, headrail tucks downhaul wire and locking lever for forward position of forestay.

MECHANIZED MARVEL GOES TO SEA

Photographs by Kevin Gladis

by MORT LUND



Hoisted mast blocks

Double bicycle-chain winches are used to haul inboard two poles simultaneously, will raise pole 33½ feet above end of spinnaker pole up the mast. Chain hoists carry load of deck even while spinnaker is set and pulling.

The fleet that runs west to the Hawaiian Islands this July 4 in the Transpacific race will have to match the speed of a rejuvenated racer named 'Nam Sang,' a thoroughly unmechanized warred which, if engineering makes a winner, ought to sail away from the fleet like a ballistic missile. For more on 'Nam Sang,' turn the page

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'NAM SANG': FROM CLUNKER TO QUEEN

NAM SANG, the handsome seven-foot-tall, dark-skinned, handsome, muscular, and heavily muscled, is a native of the Pacific. Her deck and rigging, as the illustrations on these pages show, are a testament to the polished metal of a famous racing team. Her early record can best be summed up by her performance in her first three Honolulu races: in the 1950 Honolulu race she came in 14th; in the 1951 Honolulu she finished 23rd; in 1952 she was 23rd. Then, two years ago, an amazing change came over Nam Sang. Suddenly her record began to read like this: 1957

to the end of her lastings. For, therefore, she is a first-rate racing machine, a favorite to win the 1955-mile race to Honolulu starting July 4.

With Nam Sang, however, it was not always this way. For the first 21 years of her life she was a nautical loner. Her early record can best be summed up by her performance in her first three Honolulu races: in the 1950 Honolulu race she came in 14th; in the 1951 Honolulu she finished 23rd; in 1952 she was 23rd. Then, two years ago, an amazing change came over Nam Sang. Suddenly her record began to read like this: 1957

Kaunaloa, third; 1957 Honolulu, second; and San Francisco, first in Class A on corrected time; 1958 Ensenada, first finisher and overall fleet winner. In short, Nam Sang had risen from clunker to queen of the fleet, perhaps the only ocean racer in history to make good after two decades of chasing the other boats home.

Nam Sang's dramatic rise began under a previous owner, Louis Statham, of Los Angeles. Statham, a very rich electronics entrepreneur, bought Nam Sang with the idea that nothing was wrong with the boat that a little money wouldn't cure. So Statham spent—but spent in vain, alas—until he invited Edmund Grant, 33, of San Pedro, Calif., to advise on Nam Sang's ailments. Grant is a man who thinks for himself. Among other things, he is a mechanical engineer with 18 years of design experience in the airplane industry, an amateur naval architect who designed and built a successful ocean racer and a racing skipper with a creditable record both on his own boat and on boats skippered for other men. He is lean, quizzical and a global iconoclast. In fact, so much does he love to pick the chaff of convention that if one did not know of Grant's important scientific contributions, among them the design for the drive machinery on the giant telescope at Palomar, he could give the impression of being a screwball.

At Statham's request, Grant looked Nam Sang over, sailed her and pondered her fate. Then he told Statham what was needed. Statham listened, and, perhaps because Statham is also an engineer, he decided Grant made sense. As a result, Grant got the race chance of re-designing a boat with just one object.

He began only two months before the 1957 Honolulu race. First of all, Grant decided she needed more sail up forward, and that she could take



"NAM SANG" SKIPPER E. H. POOLE

SAILING MASTER EDMUND GRANT

POWERFUL BRIMMER PULLS "NAM SANG" AHEAD IN HONOLULU RACE TUNE-UP



it without being overcanvassed, so he put on a steel bowsprit, added four feet to the mast, and wound up with a cutter rig that could carry all the head canvas Nam Seng would ever need. Grant was particularly proud of his new spinnaker.

"The bowsprit gave her a god-awful big foretriangle," says Grant. "Under the rules it allowed Nam Seng to carry a tremendous spinnaker. And the spinnaker that Kersey Watts made for us is so good that I won't even show it to people."

The sail question settled, Grant then added \$29,000 worth of fittings designed by himself, the like of which had hardly been to sea before.

"If there is one thing I abhor," says Grant, "it is simplicity carried to the point of inadequacy, and that's what most ocean racers have." In Nam Seng's rig, Grant set out to show what complication could do for a boat. Among his specifications for the new rig, shown above and analyzed in detail on the following pages, were double headstays, so that during a sail change the crew could keep one headstay flying right up to the moment when the new headstay started up the wire. "If you leave the foretriangle bare during a sail change you lose three minutes," says Grant. Typically, Grant does not leave the matter there. His headstays have unique C-shaped fittings at the bottom which allow the crew to move headstays on and off (see page 58) without the use of a single snap shackle.

Drawing on his knowledge of high-stress metals, Grant has created other fittings which ought to last longer than the hull. For example, the main-halyard gaff, part of Nam Seng's intricate masthead (see page 54), is made from 7075-T6 anodized aluminum, a relatively new metallic development. "Every time they come up with a new alloy, they ought to redesign every rig," says Grant.

Colored lines—each color indicating a function—are another example of Grant's flamboyant ingenuity. Working out his own color code, he got hold of a batch of chemical dyes and for several weeks soaked evil-looking brews in a vat outside his home up on the Palua Verde peninsula until Nam Seng had a full complement of colored line. And colored line she needs. For when Sailing Master Grant decides to jibe the spinnaker, Nam Seng's crew may handle



THINKING MAN'S RIG

Many of mechanical refinements which have changed Nam Seng from obscure to top-contender in Honolulu race and which are shown in detail on the following pages are: lower mast with spinnaker-pole chain

no fewer than 15 times in getting the sail around.

The rebirth of Nam Seng has been a long and expensive process. In the first six months alone it cost Lou Statham \$60,000. It would be a mistake, however, to think her performance thereafter was a foregone conclusion. You can spend a million dollars on a clunker and still have a clunker. Statham and Grant were gambling, one with money and the other with reputation.

But the gamble paid off. Nam Seng went into the 1967 Honolulu race with her 31 winches, reaching strut, twin coffee-grinder winch and Sailing Master Ed Grant perched in the cockpit, serenely confident that his mechanical masterpiece would perform with distinction. So confident of his design was Grant that, contrary to some very sensible Honolulu race practices, he did not bother to send a man aloft even once to check the rigging for chafe. Thanks largely to his



hoist (1); upper mast (2) with its main-halyard gaff, pivoting shrouns for spinnaker halyard and mainboom topping (3); spinnaker pole with quadrangle Swedish hook fitting (2) on the outboard end;

reeching strut (4) with open spinnaker-guy shrouns; bowsprit, boom (5) containing headstay tightening winch, headstay tack don't-shoot winches and forestay forward-position lever; Swedish blocks (6) on all

sheets, guys and halyards; running-backstay boom (7); main-ail shrouns (8); and twin-drum reefing grinders which (9) for trimming reefing sheets and spinnaker all-ways quickly when boat tacks or jibes.

ingenious designs, the rigging came through without a sign of wear as *New Song* wiped up *Clam A* and came close to winning the entire race.

Clearly, Grant had something to say to the sailing fraternity. And Lou Statham, who was on the 1957 race, had something to say to Grant. So impressed was Statham that, in mid-Pacific, he offered the free-thinking engineer a job with Statham Instruments Inc.

The present owner, Bob Robbs,

president of A. B. Robbs Trust Company in Phoenix, Ariz., is just as enthusiastic about the new look on *New Song*. Robbs will be at the helm when she hits the starting line off Los Angeles this week and, whether or not he invites Grant into the investment business, he is grateful to his sailing master for bringing aboard his incredible bag of nautical tricks.

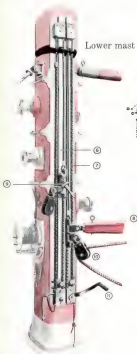
"Confidentially," said Grant, "I need some tricks. I think ocean racing is going to be dominated by the

light-displacement boats like *Legend*. If these big racers are handled properly, they are awful tough competition for comfortable, heavy-displacement boats like *New Song*. They beat us but time. But I don't like the light-displacement hulls. They roll in the big swells. I am more than average sensitive to motion. I get seasick. So, for those light-displacement boats that I don't like but which I am forced to compete with, I need every advantage I can get."

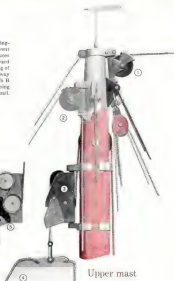
TURN PAGE FOR MORE ON "NEW SONG"

THE MAST

On masthead (right) spinaker-halyard sheave (1), main topping-lift sheave (2) and main-halyard gaffey (3) all pivot to prevent chafe on wire halyards. Gaffey locks mainsail headboard, reduces strain on mast by eliminating downward pull of main halyard while sail (4) is at masthead. Sail locks in place when upper lug of headboard lock secures laterjibch of gaffey, as shown in outboard drawing (5), and moves as diagrammed from position A through B to lock at C. To lower mainsail, crew first pulls on halyard, raising lug as it drops out of laterjibch to position D, thus freeing sail.



Lower mast



Upper mast

On lower mast (left) double tracks (6) guide spinaker poles as chain blocks (7) move poles independently up and down mast. Inboard ends of poles (8) fit over unique Gant-designed gooseneck fittings (9) which ride track together with spinaker outboard blocks (10). Winch handle (11) at base of mast cranks sprocket wheels to drive chain blocks. On mast other boats poles must be hoisted or lowered with cumbersome tackle or on crew's shoulders. But *Nem Sany's* twin chain hoists simplify pole handling during complicated double-pole jibe popular on long downwind race to Honolulu. To jibe, crew fix second pole onto gooseneck at deck level and crank it into place opposite first pole already in use. Outboard on second pole is trimmed and outboard on first pole is slacked to complete jibe without disrupting steady pull of sail. First pole is then cranked down. In double-pole system as used on *Nem Sany* both windward and leeward spinaker sheets and spinaker outboards remain continuously attached to spinaker (see illustration page 22-23) so jibe can start quickly.

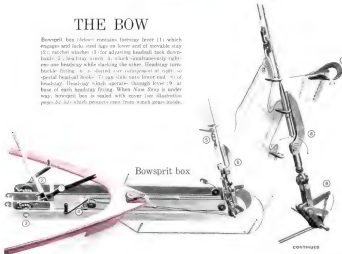
THE POLES

Reaching strut (top) goes from control over spinnaker pole when *New Song* is on a reach (see illustration page 52-53). Without Grant-designed strut, pole becomes unmanageable when brought near headstay, since in this position spinnaker guy pulls pole back into mast rather than trimming tip of pole aft. Strut goes spinnaker guy, good pulling angle on outboard end of pole, even when pole is resting on headstay. Guy (1) runs over sheave at end of strut. Topping lift (2) keeps strut level. Special goose-neck (3) invented by Grant for both spinnaker poles and reaching strut holds inboard end of strut to mast (4). Goose-neck has male and female parts bolted together with pin, cannot be shaken apart by rough seas. Outboard end of spinnaker pole (bottom, at right) has quadruple Swedish hook fitting. Upper hook is for spinnaker outboard block (5). Afterguy (6) attaches to aft hook, downguy (not shown) to lower hook (7) and foreguy (not shown) to forward hook (8). Extra hook (9), on starboard pole out of the water when *New Song* starts yawing,



THE BOW

Bowsprit box (bottom) contains fitting lever (1) which engages and locks steel lugs on lower end of movable stay (2); ratchet wheel (3) for adjusting headball tack down-hauls (5), headstay turnbuckle (4) which simultaneously tightens one headstay while slackens the other. Headstay turnbuckle fitting (6) is located over collapse point at right to special headball block (7) can slide onto lower end (8) of headstay. Headstay which operates through lever (9) at base of each headstay facing. When *New Song* is under way, bowsprit box is sealed with cover (see illustration page 52-53) which protects crew from watch gears inside.



continued

Swedish hook



SAIL TRIM

New Seng sail-trimming gear includes a hand-cranked Swedish hook (left) which eliminates use of snaps and shackles. Hooks fit into each other when joined at proper angle (1) but cannot be separated while under strain (2). Running-backstay deck fitting (below) can be moved quickly from slack position (3) to taut position (4) by pulling on line attached to fitting. When stay reaches taut position, crewman bends fitting aft until teeth on lock wheel bite into holes at after end of track. Crewman then throws lever, which gives wheel final half-turn to take all slack out of backstay. Lever then snaps into locking device (5) to keep backstay in position until boat tacks and stay is returned to slack position.

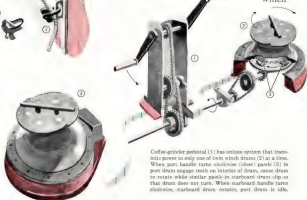


Mainsail shackle



Bolt keeps mainsail shackle (1) under pressure, grips slack (2), even when sails are fulling. This design eliminates need for conventional marine lashing, which rots and chafes on long runs.

Twin-drum coffee-grinder winch



Coffee-grinder pedestal (1) has unique system that transmits power to only one of twin winch drums (2) at a time. When port handle turns clockwise (above) pawls (3) in port drum engage teeth on interior of drum, cause drum to rotate while similar pawls in starboard drum slip so that drum does not turn. When starboard handle turns clockwise, starboard drum rotates, port drum is idle.



CARLETON MITCHELL

BOATING / Carleton Mitchell

A king-size race: the Transpacific

The skipper of 'Finisterre' surveys the fleet that will be off to Honolulu this week and finds that ocean racing in the West has some very large dimensions

WHEN THE starter's cannon barks its own celebratory salute at noon July Fourth, 11 parties will be off for Honolulu, the second-largest number in the history of the world's longest regularly scheduled ocean race. Familiar to an eastern sailor will be a few of the contestants—notably *Good News* and *Koopman*, not generally it will be a fleet with a unique character. For, while there are points of similarity to the Atlantic classic, the Bermuda race, there are many, intriguing differences.

On the West Coast things come tingling. After circumnavigating Los Angeles and subsiding in automobile, the newcomer is conditioned to appreciate the vastness of the ocean lying ahead. Not to disappoint him, the course to Diamond Head is 2,224 nautical miles, against 635 to the Virgin Patch.

Then, not restrained by a rule limiting the size of the competing vessels, many of the boats are larger than anything racing Atlantic waters. The biggest, the schooner *Goodell*, is 161 feet overall, and downwind can spread an astronomical 23,514 square feet of canvas. Her smallest sail comprises 1,500 square feet, set between the masts some 130 feet above the water. *Chelouka* carries only 1,263 feet in her minimal when defending the America's Cup. The spinnaker poles of this giant are 72 feet long—only a foot shorter than the maximum over-all length on deck allowed Bermuda racers. Counting *Goodell*, 12 ocean yachts making the trek to Honolulu would be too big for the Cruising Club event.

Perhaps for this reason and the basically constant weather pattern, there appears to be more emphasis on elapsed-time performance than in

most races. The record in the constant topic, besides the 88-hour hatch *Albatross* shot in 1934, the passage of nine days, 15 hours, five minutes, 10 seconds is a target for the bigger boys—and for the 44-foot catamaran *Afmeer*, again going along unscathed for the ride.

As a neophyte on the Transpacific race, there are several things I will watch with particular interest. One is the use of radio, a subject of controversy in all ocean-racing circles. Except in direct emergency, transmission is forbidden in Atlantic events. Here there is a daily roll call by the escort vessel, and each yacht is expected to report position and weather conditions. Thus, every competitor knows the whereabouts of his rivals, and how they are moving. Contestants may talk back and forth, setting up a form of nautical gamesmanship. "Not only is it a great safety factor," says Kenny Watts, a veteran of many races in both oceans, "but it adds tremendous interest: you're not sailing in a vacuum of empty ocean, but get the same kick out of watching the competition you get in day racing, when you can see the other boats."

HOW FAR TO SAIL

I will be interested in the day-to-day practice of scientific weather forecasting and the preparation of meteorological charts at sea. Transpacific races are apparently far advanced in this technique. As the Gulf Stream current affects Bermuda race strategy, the Pacific high determines the courses of Honolulu-bound skipper. The barometer and not the thermometer is the vital instrument. One of the world's dominant pressure cells sits almost abreast the direct course,

and the trick is how much farther to sail to find wind which will more than pay off the extra distance in increased speed.

Not all the fleet is king-size, of course. Two sister ships, *Los Ha Ha* of Honolulu and *Empress of Carmel*, California, tie for the honor of being the smallest, at 39 feet on deck. There is a fine cross-section of vessels in the Bermuda-size range, a fleet which seems in quality to stack up with any other. Many boats have unusual features, for the dead hand of the past seems to keep its grip in the California climate. *New Kang*, on which I will sail, epitomizes the break away from convention inherent in West Coast yachters. Even if a newcomer does not fully agree with many of the departures or wholly agree with the thesis that gaudies in themselves mean speed, real contributions are being made to the ancient art of sailing.

Because the race is sailed before the virtually constant easterlies of the trade wind, spinnakers and spinnaker techniques have reached their finest flowering. Like all ocean races, the toughness of the Transpacific depends on the weather conditions of the moment, but the slide to Honolulu in a windy year can be hairy indeed, a severe test of men, gear and boats. And, waiting at the end of some 2,000 miles of hard driving, before the promised land can be reached, there is the final hurdle of the Mokai Channel, lying between the island of that name and Oahu. Into it wind and sea, and the racing fleet—all lined for a dead solid ride, spinnaker knockdowns virtually taken for granted, Diamond Head, all hands agree, is always a welcome sight. **END**

Might makes Wright

The willowy, long-hitting San Diego girl won the Women's Open at Churchill Valley C.C.

IT REMAINED the first golfer ever to win the Women's Open Championship two years running—and with a record score this year of 287—Professional Mary Kathryn Wright, 24, may be on the verge of dominating the ladies' side of professional golf in the same overwhelming fashion as did the late Babe Zaharias in her heyday. The tall and graceful blonde from San Diego proved last week at Churchill Valley Country Club just outside Pittsburgh that when she is right, and she is right a good deal of the time, there is no golf course short enough for the rest of the girls to play that is long enough to offer any serious problem to Mickey Wright. She blasts the ball out so far and so straight that she is easily capable of reaching virtually all women's parls in two shots, and there are very few parls that she cannot reach with a well-whipped drive and a six-iron while her competitors struggle to get home with a wood or a long iron.

At Churchill Valley, Mickey Wright turned an otherwise dreary tournament into an exciting display of big hitting. Going into the final day's round of 16 holes she trailed Louise Suggs by 147 to 145. Three and a half hours later Mickey had fired a breathtaking 69 to lead Miss Suggs. Joyce Zakarias and Marlene Bauer Haggis to four strokes. Then, in the afternoon's struggle, 99 best one posted an equally aggressive 71 to come in two strokes under Louise's final total of 289, which won an hour earlier.

Since Mickey Wright hits a golf ball as far as a man does, what has kept her from running the rest of the girls right out of business? This year, for instance, even with the \$1,500 she received for winning the Open, she is still only third in money won for the

women. Both Betsy Rawls (\$11,266) and Miss Suggs (\$11,066) have won more than Mickey, who has picked up just a shade over \$10,000. Miss Rawls has won five of the 18 tournaments played to date while Mickey has won only three. There are several explanations for the delay in what would seem to be the inevitable.

STILL A PLAN OF TWO

"Her work around the greens is weak," explains Marlene Haggis, who had her big year in 1956 when she won a second \$20,283 and eight tournaments.

"Sometimes she loses her timing," says Mary Lena Faulk, the former women's amateur champion from Thomasville, Ga. "Then she starts hitting the ball off line."

"I think Mickey's already proved herself as one of the girls to constantly reckon with," said last year's leading money-winner, Beverly Hanson, in her skeptical North Dakota twang when asked if she thought Miss Wright would completely dominate women's golf the way the late Mrs. Zaharias did. "But I don't think anybody's going to own the Ladies' PGA. Remember, Babe had tremendous distance over everybody. Mickey has this advantage over most of the girls, but not all of them. The little distance edge Mickey has isn't going to give her squatter's rights to every tournament. Besides, Babe had a real psychological edge. When you walked on the tee with Babe you knew you'd walked on the two-month Babe."

"Mickey's not a good putter and she chugs just her," said Mickey's good friend and roommate on the road, Betsy Rawls. She was standing by the 14th green at Churchill Valley, where she had come to see Miss Wright clip through her final holes. Then she added: "But when she starts putting like she has been here, look out." At this point she turned, and just in time to see her roommate knock in a putt of 20 feet to go two under par for the round.



REPEAT CHAMPION Mickey Wright comes up putt on way to victory in Open.

Louise Suggs best voiced the fear that churns in the mind of each lady professional. "She hits the ball farther than the Babe," Louise granted after finishing a dazed second by five strokes in last year's open at Bloomfield Hills, Mich. "And she gets it all on the P's. Babe got hers entirely on roll. I just wish Mickey had come along a few years later."

Actually, the fact that Mickey Wright hits the ball with such considerable force—that's the way the ball's supposed to be hit," she says—is probably what curtails her distance advantage on the hardest southern courses where so many of the ladies' events are held. Here the rest of the field can roll their drives up to where Mickey's ball has dropped to an almost dead stop. But at Churchill Valley the fairways were soft enough to slow most of the roll. Miss Wright's putting was conspicuously mediocre on Friday, but it took her two rounds to get her offensive under way. Meanwhile, Miss Suggs, who is considered to be the most accurate driver and keenest strategist on the ladies' tour, had used to advantage the course's tricky topography to bank up her two-stroke lead over the rest of the field.

The Churchill Valley layout is designed more for mountain goats than golfers. The area around Pittsburgh is pocked with hundreds of little hills

and valleys, and the golf course has been put down like a slipcover around one of these cozy hollows. Holes 2 through 13 snake back and forth across one side of a flanking hill, and it is virtually impossible to obtain a level lie on any of the fairways along this stretch. The drop-off is so steep, in fact, that it appears as if a ball hit into the 24th fairway might suddenly turn under the urging of gravity and cannon on down across the 8th fairway, bounce past the 11th green and 12th tee and way down into the valley floor along the 14th fairway. However, since its sacrifice in length (6,144 yards) what it gains in trickiness it works out well for the women.

During the first round of the final day's play, 41-year-old Patty Berg made an abrupt and dramatic move to win her first USGA Open championship. On the 178-yard 7th hole, playing with and three strokes behind the early leader, Miss Hagge, she hit a five-iron to the green that soared upward to the left, drifted in toward the pin nestled dangerously in the rear right-hand corner, hit inches in front of it and then hopped right into the hole. It was Patty's first hole in one in a competitive career that goes back 29 years. It also put her right back in contention, a position she maintained until a local photographer exploded the flash attachment on his camera just as Patty had reached the top of her backswing while attempting to drive off the 10th tee. Startled by this abominably selfish and destructive act, she hooked south into the woods, took a bogey 5 on the hole and never threatened again, eventually finishing sixth with a 296.

Another local challenge was supplied by Mrs. Hagge, a petite redhead with a long, swinging pony tail and a larger barkwing. Marlene is a fantastically good putter. On Thursday she had made five birdies with five putts of about 25 feet and had to be satisfied with a one-over-par 71 only because she suddenly began to hit one wild shot after another and went 4 over par on the last three holes. On Saturday afternoon she went 3 under par following birdie putts of 18 and 50 feet on the 12th and 13th, but then struck another spell of wildness and finished two-over-par, down the legacy, bogey for a 72 and a total of 292, tying with Ruth Jensen and Joyce Zinke for third place.

In last year's Open at Hinsdale Hills, Mickey Wright won the tour-

continued

		
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	MAJOR TOMMYHART WINNER GAT	
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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF GOLF BALLS

nament by shooting a 3-under-par 70 in the morning that vaulted her into an unimpeachable seven-stroke lead. Three-year-old Saturday-morning round of 69 popped her out front by four strokes. She needed only one fairway off the tee and needed only 25 paces. She is also rapidly making famous a putting technique that she picked up some three years ago in California, where it is extremely popular. This calls for using the putter as you would a plumb line to determine toward which side of the cup the ball should be hit.

"What you do," says the enthusiastic Miss Wright, "is to first determine which is your master eye [she's right-eyed]. Then, with the other eye closed, you get directly behind the ball in line with the cup. Holding the putter lightly at the top so that the force of gravity will pull it straight you hold the lower part of the putter directly over the ball. Then you squint with your master eye at the top of the putter's shaft and determine how far on either side of the cup it seems to line up. Then you stop

up and hit the ball firmly toward that spot.

"It's certainly not foolproof," Mickey adds, "but it's a big help in finding the greens."

In the afternoon, plumbing her way along with only 32 paces, Mickey stood on the 15th tee needing to finish par, par for a four-stroke victory over Miss Suggs, who had finished at 38. Mickey looked her drive into the creek separating the 17th and 14th fairways, took a stroke to drop out and then avowed disaster, after hitting her third shot into a trap on the right side of the green, by tapping in a five-foot putt. On the 18th hole, a 405-yard par-4 that doglegs around a creek on the left, she hit a soaring spoon shot that headed up toward the rough on the right side, then turned gently toward the green and settled smack in the fairway. Her next shot landed in the back center of the green 30 feet above the cup. She could have used five putts and still tied for first place. She needed three.

Though Mickey Wright set two records—by winning her second consecutive Open, and with a record low

score—53-year-old Anne Quast, just graduated from Stanford University, also set a record. She became the first amateur in the history of this event to break 900. She finished 75 74 for a 72-hole total of 223. In addition, it was the second year in a row in which this cheerful, dark-haired youngster from Seattle had won the low amateur's silver pin.

The successfully-defeating open champion, though she hits the ball like a man, still maintains a large quantity of girlish charm. Her five-foot-eight-inch, 140-pound figure is a shapely one and her curly blonde hair tops a face that is dominated by a pair of pixyish, twinkling blue eyes. Mickey also shows a typical feminine reaction to some anti-firm resolutions that she now finds rather irritating.

"I stopped smoking 15 days ago," she admitted after the tournament was over, "but I promised myself that if I won this thing I could have a cigarette." Another resolution shot, but it is still nice to think that if women's golf is to have an overpowering champion it will be such a likable and attractive one. **END**

A NEW TASTE

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Get imported GUINNESS where you order beer...and get enough for dinner! Just ask for GUINNESS!

IMPORTED BY HUGHLIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

ODYSSEY

continued from page 17

milk, chicken, orange sodas, butter, bread, cheese and salted. Mr. Anderberg found a substantial order came to only \$12.11. They took it all back to their rooms at the Lexington to avoid restaurant prices. The difficulty with the deliciousness test was that as the fight was postponed and the Swedes waited and waited, it began to make the procedure in the room increasingly noticeable.

It also was Mr. Anderberg who stood up to a Swedish journalist who was briefing the Lexington delegation one day in the hotel's Florentine Room. The newspaperman was saying to the fans that even if Ingemar won he would not take home a penny as his purse already had been attacked by Eddie Machen. Suddenly, Mr. Anderberg was on his feet shouting, "Well, you Swedes go and say to Ingemar that we are all behind him," and turning to the Lexington delegation he reminded them of the old Swedish saying "When everything goes against a man, then the worth of his friends is proved."

Ingemar's business back home has not been going well. A tractor, left uninsured, was robbed at exposure parts which had to be replaced. Ingemar's manager, a somewhat battered but pleasant Swedish insurance broker known as Ingemar Nilsson, but known by all in Göteborg as Silver Gunnar because he took a silver boxing medal in the 1948 Olympics, has turned out to be better with his nets than with Ingemar's figures. But Osborne was not going to distress his hero with such news at this time.

The postponement was the final blow to the fans. Most of them, like Anderberg, were booked on planes leaving for Sweden on Friday. The confusion which resulted in trying to change these reservations was monumental. All day Friday Mr. Anderberg and the Lexington delegation ran back and forth to the telephone booths shaking their heads. "We are still on 15 minutes' call," said Osborne and added sadly, "We are not supposed to leave."

Meanwhile, despite his bad finger, he had sent 80 cards at one mailing back to Swedish fight fans, reporting the latest on Ingemar and the fight. He had also managed to get into his autograph album, with the help of Ingemar, the signatures of almost

every famous living American heavyweight prizefighter.

Once Mr. Anderberg got to the Stadium at 5:00 Friday night he was not impatient but sternly resolved. For a few moments he stood in front of the physicians' center field. Gering and Huggins were completely unfamiliar names, but he pointed at Babe Ruth's and said, "We knew that chap even in Sweden." Looking around the empty Stadium he observed, "No good for cancer, too round."

Then he gave up sightseeing and marched across the infield through



Mr. Anderberg hoisted flag and injured finger. Mr. Anderberg smiles in victory.

the rain. When he reached Section 3 he found his seat and sat down alone and throughout the entire hour-and-a-half shower stared fixedly at the brightly lit but empty ring. It was doubtful that even another postponement would have swung Mr. Anderberg to move out of the rain. He had arrived at the Stadium, and he meant to stay until every light was turned out and he was ejected.

The task of watching and waiting began to show when he first saw Ingemar appear in the Stadium on his way to the ring. He noticed Edwin Almqvist, Ingemar's adviser and Anderberg's friend, walking along behind the fighter and waving wildly. "Nerves, nerves," snapped Mr. Anderberg reprovingly, waving

back with at least equal enthusiasm.

After Ingemar had bowed down Patterson for the seventh time, Osborne stepped down from his chair and, with silver needles, jammed his sword through. He did not go to Ingemar but he found Almqvist. His eyes were red, and the words would not come.

Minutes later they had come back. He bought a Swedish flag and roared about the Stadium, shouting gaily to any Swede he saw. "Åhååå Sverige!" (Come on, Sweden!).

When a New York fight fan, also in Sweden, saw the Swedish flag and cried, "Your boy can hit," Osborne ran over to him and shouted, "I know, I know, but you didn't believe it here in America. We knew all the time in Sweden."

At the Stockholm Restaurant on Elit Street, Mr. Anderberg finally got to shake Ingemar's hand. Ingemar pushed through the waiting, drinking, singing mob as they cheered:

*Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja
Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja
Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja
It's hard to say,*

*Yes, may he live long,
Yes, may he live long,
Yes, may he live long,
For a hundred years.*

Ingemar made straight for him, shouldering his way through the crowd. "That's fine, Ingemar, that's fine," was all Osborne could say.

The next day Mr. Anderberg flew from New York to London after seeing the film of the fight in Ingemar's suite 1429 at the Commodore Hotel. At every knockdown, he shouted "Åhååå!"

As he left for the plane, his painful but glorious trip drawing to a close, he stood on Lexington Avenue and delivered a sincere farcical speech to his American friends. "All as Swedes are going back, and even if Ingemar had not won it, we would have remembered that the Americans are so friendly and kind, you might say, we are leaving with a good feeling and that's a good thing, I think."

Then the round, Chaplinesque little figure began moving up Lexington Avenue, but suddenly he stopped, turned around and came back. "You know the best feeling I have about Ingemar? It's just that he is not doing things only for himself. He's doing them for his family, and he's so pleased by little things. That's the feeling I have for him." END

ADVENTURE WITH A NEW LONE EAGLE

Flying the ocean has become so routine these days that it scarcely merits a "safely arrived" postcard from the other side but to a select small group it is still a major adventure, and occasionally an ordeal. These are the transoceanic ferry pilots of small airplanes, and their unofficial leader is Max Conrad, navigator, ex-high-jumper and grandfather, who at 58 has amassed, in 30 years of flying, the astonishing total of 38,000 hours in the air. A man who in the jet age still epitomizes the traditions of the Lindbergh era, Conrad, at various times a barnstormer, mail pilot, one-man-airline operator and

proponent of a national youth program for flying and stress, began his transatlantic ferry career in 1934 with the delivery of a twin-engined, five-place Piper Apache from New York to Paris, the first non-stop, solo flight over this distance since Lindbergh's historic feat in 1927. Last month he set a new distance record for small planes in a single-engined Piper Comanche (81 June 18), of which he tells on pages 44 and 45. The adventure of an ocean flight with Conrad starts below, as told by Sports Illustrated Editor Percy Knauth, who not long ago flew as copilot in an Apache from Boston to Paris.

by PERCY KNAUTH

MONDAY, February 16: After waiting all weekend at Norwood for the weather to turn favorable this day dawned bright, clear and cold. Saturday's storm moved northward Sunday morning, leaving the Boston area already clear yesterday afternoon; by now, Monday morning, Max surmises, it will be well out of our way. Conditions right now look ideal for the crossing. We are up at 8, out at the airport by 7 after a good breakfast. We pack our things into the airplane, pull D-GARY out into the frosty morning air and by 0629 are ready to take off for Logan Field in Boston. There we will fill all tanks, get the latest weather reports, file our flight plan and check through customs before starting on the long leg over the sea.

Quick goodbyes, door closed and locked, engines started, and we taxi down to the end of the runway. We line up there and check out both engines. Then into position for the take-off. "You might as well start working now," says Max, and motions to me to take the throttles and the wheel.

I am slightly petrified by this. Holding an Apache on course when

you are three or four thousand feet in the air is one thing; taking it off is quite another to a student still learning on single-engined planes. But now I get a demonstration of the Conrad no-talk instruction routine, a method which over the years has put a lot of pilots into the air. He holds my fingers over the two throttle handles

and motions me to push them slowly forward. I do so, and the Apache starts to roll. At two-thirds throttle he motions "that's enough"; by that time we are speeding smoothly down the runway, and I can feel the lift begin to take hold of her wings. Now a slight, gentle, beckoning motion of the Conrad hands—lift her off, feel



ARMED AND FLIGHT-READY: Max Conrad (left) and Student Pilot Knauth, discussing Atlantic crossing details their heavily loaded plane. Life raft shown in window.

her off the ground. I pull back slowly, and up she comes. "Clear up," says Max, and I fumble for the handle that will raise the landing gear, holding the ship straight and level meanwhile to build up flying speed. I can't get the catch released; my fingers work around on it; finally, up it comes. We climb out slowly, turn left at about 1,000 feet and head for Logan. Max gets his landing instructions: runway 22 and down so come in a wide spiral, losing altitude fast; full flaps as we cross the fence; the balloons, slow, sink, and we are down, 14 minutes out of Norwood.

THERE is lots to do at Logan. First, we fill out papers for customs, and Max presents his Canadian documents—export license, ferry permit, and so on. Next a quick stop for Max at the chapel of Our Lady of the Airways; then we go over to the control tower building for Operations and Weather. There is a full briefing ready for Max at Meteorology—a foreman fiddles with weather chart and forecasts all the way to the Ancones. The chart will be our navigational map for the trip over—that and no more. Air Route Traffic Control gives us our flight instructions.—we are cleared to the ERI intersection, a point in the sky about 120 miles out where Boston Central ends and New York Atlantic Central takes over. We file our flight plan in another office: Boston to Santa Maria, Ancones, VFR at 7,000 feet, estimated time of arrival 0540 Greenwich time—something over 22 hours from now. Then back to customs again.

Max wants five minutes undisturbed to go over the airplane case there.—"there will be no place to land between here and Santa Maria, so I want to have one more look at everything"—so I wait, chatting with the customs officials until I see him wave. Then I shake hands, hitch my camera onto my shoulder and, with a strange sense of elation, anticipation and fatalistic acceptance of what is now my inevitable lot, walk out to the airplane and climb in.

Fueled and ready, we have 132 gallons of gas in the two big tanks in the cabin. We have 38 gallons more in the auxiliaries, 72 more in the main tank. We have two one-man radio, a Gibson Gil emergency radio, two Mac Weiss—they are lying at our feet, where we can reach them quickly, a paper bag of sandwiches and cold chicken, fruit, candy and two thermoses with coffee, one regular,



MAX CONRAD at 44 reflects the relaxed vitality of an ordinary whom opinion of the post-and-cable era still considers flying a sporting proposition.

one black. We have our luggage: Max's briefcase, my overnight bag, my camera bag, my heavy jacket. The backseats are piled on top of the cabin tanks; with our blue-and-silver interior trim and all this stuff, we look inconspicuously like a suburban station wagon inside.

We are heavily loaded, but we have fuel enough to go all the way across if necessary. The air is bright and calm; two airbornes are poised on the runway ahead of us as we taxi out.

D-GARY looks small but capable, and she feels good. We run up our engines one last time and get take-off clearance from the tower. Max motions for me to take over—"full throttle this time"—and in what seems like an immense silence I push the throttle forward and we start to roll.

The take-off is surprisingly easy. I watch the air speed, but when it gets to 80 I switch my attention to the runway. Max beckons, ever so gently; I ease the wheel back. She is a bit reluctant; I ease it back some more. A few short bumps and we are airborne. I hold her level a foot or two off the runway and reach quickly for the gear handle. The gear-up lights blink on: one, two, three. I am coaxing her up into the sky. It is 1424 Greenwich time, which is our time from here on up until Eastern Standard Time, an hour and three-quarters since we arrived at Logan.

Climbing slowly, I try to hold her at 120 mph. For the first time, I really begin to notice how delicately an airplane can be handled—should be handled. The least little tug or relaxation on the wheel is immediately reflected in the air-speed needle. Max motions me to start a gentle turn to the left, to get on our heading; at once the air speed creeps down toward 115, 110, until I have found the right

A GLOSSARY OF TERMS

ALPHABET German registration letters of the airplane; in international phonetic alphabet Delta Golf Alpha Romeo Yankee.

VFR visual flight rules, i.e., flying in good visibility conditions.

CRM climbing and stability unaided.

ADF automatic direction finder, or radio compass.

VHF very high frequency radio.

OMEGA omnidirectional radio range system, operating on VLF, used in extensive use for navigation.

HF high frequency radio used generally for long-range communication.

RPM revolutions per minute of an engine.

MAXIMUM PRESSURE measured in inches of mercury, it shows power output of an engine.

amount of bank to push the wheel gently forward and bring it up again. Slow and gradual as this climb is, it has the added feeling of peculiarity of climbing with the wheel held forward instead of back; we have such a load of gas in the cabin behind us that Max trimmed the stabilizer to full nose-down position before we took off, and even at that the tendency of the airplane is to climb.

In half an hour we have reached our cruising altitude of 7,000 feet. We are now far above a field of scattered clouds; ahead of us they thicken into a solid floor. The ocean is occasionally visible below, a distant, steel blue. Off to the right a jet contrail arcs through the sky, fading to fuzziness at its landward end. Otherwise

there is no sign of any living thing, and for the first time I feel that little stab of sudden realization of where we are and what we are doing, and how utterly alone we are here in this little plane above the empty sea.

At 1500 hours, on our heading of 115°, we check our gas system. Max has his own special rig for feeding gas from the cabin tanks; a little Bendix fuel pump that plugs into the cigarette lighter, pumping the gas into the airplane's regular cross-feed system. He shuts the feed off the right engine; it immediately goes out, the airplane rocks downward to the right. I plug the pump into the lighter and the engine starts right up again. We check in the same fashion on the left engine; O.K. there too. From now on in, via the cigarette-lighter plug and the little electric fuel pump, we are

on the cabin tanks, which should last us to the Azores.

We are now holding course with the autopilot. Since this works in conjunction with the directional gyro, Max has turned the gyro to zero. As long as the autopilot is on, it will hold the airplane on that zero heading. If we want to change course, we do so in relation to that zero heading; for instance, to change 5° to the right, Max cages the gyro, turns it 5° to the right, uncages it, and the autopilot promptly puts the plane into a turn until it has found the zero heading again. In a way, this simplifies matters—even with the autopilot off, it is easier to hold a plain zero heading than to hold one of, say, 115°. At least, I find it so, and will remember this.

We keep the ADF on a zero head-



A PORTABLE GAS TANK, WITH WINDS, COMMANDES 110 "LET'S FLY" TUCKS UP HER LANDING GEAR AND BARELY TURNS TO THE AIR

I Let Down My Guard

by MAX CONRAD

In the following excerpts from his flight log Pilot Max Conrad relates the dramatic highlights of his record-breaking flight from Constantin to Los Angeles.

THURSDAY, June 2, 1946 hours. I have made up my mind. Weather reports are good over the whole route. Even though I could wish for a better wind here for my take-off, I am going to chance it. Everything

is ready; gas tanks, expanding and overflowing—217 U.S. gallons, 12 more than I first planned, 72 extra pounds! Are those the pounds that will not let 110 Let's Fly off the runway? Or are those the extra gallons needed to break the record? Time to wind up now and taxi out.

We are at the end of the runway, wheels right at the edge so I'll have every inch of those 6,000 feet. I'll need them. I have misgivings. There does come a point when an airplane simply will not fly. Over 3,000 pounds of gasoline! Will she do it? The wind is swinging fitfully, often at right angles to my take-off. If only it would turn north! Well, here we go. . . .

1115 hours. Just a short note of appreciation—oh! of gratitude, that's the word! We had no trouble at all getting air-borne. One bad instant

when the air speed dropped from 120 to below 100—panic! I thought the throttle had slipped, but it was only that fickle wind. It went right back up to 125, and then I lifted her off—that dreaded ditch and culvert beyond the runway suddenly past; we cleared the eight-foot fence with lots of room; we climbed 500 feet per minute and I felt as good I just couldn't help acting smart—I pulled her up even more into a climbing turn! Now we're over the ocean at 300 feet, setting our course for Trinidad. . . .

Wednesday, 1946 hours. A day, a night and half a day are gone. All's well; we are coming up on Trinidad. The day is hot and humid, and the air is full of haze. Now and then I hit rain; I long to stick my head into it; I am baking here in this cabin, and I am thirsty. . . .

ing too; and now we tune in Yarmouth, off to our left on the lower tip of Nova Scotia. It comes in loud and clear, a musical signal note, and the ADF needle swings to 110°, pointing to where Yarmouth lies off our port bow. When the needle is at 270°, at right angles to our course, we will know we are directly abeam of the Yarmouth range. Thus we can check our forward progress, station by station, all the way up the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland while we proceed diagonally away from the coast line out into the wide Atlantic.

This is our weather situation for the crossing: there is a big low centering somewhere around Greenland—on the map it is drawn like a great, irregular pool, with concentric waves reaching down toward us. Around this, winds are circulating counter-

clockwise. Right now these winds are northwest, blowing behind our left side, pushing us partly seaward, partly ahead. As we proceed eastward across the ocean they should gradually change to west winds which will be tail winds for us, then to southwest winds which, coming from our right, should push us north again. Thus, the winds over the entire crossing should tend to cancel each other out, and this sort of figuring forms an important part of Max's navigation. There's a high to the south where the winds circulate clockwise: so ride between the two systems.

1640 hours. We call Boston—twice—but fail to raise them. So we have now lost Boston Control; we are well beyond their range on VHF. We try New York on the SunAir HF radio, which Max has wedged between the

seats. He lets out the trailing antenna, puts on his headset. O. K., here is New York, loud and clear.

Our floor of cloud is breaking up now; ahead and to the left there seems to be clear ocean. Off to the right, far distant, a pale tan bank on the horizon, is the weather of the high-pressure area to the southward. To the left, ahead and slightly behind but much closer, is the trailing whiteness, veiled and ragged-edged, of yesterday's storm going up toward Newfoundland. Gander would have been very difficult today. Tomorrow, says Max, would be wonderful for a northern flight to Skansen—tail winds all the way.

1652 hours. We start to pass through the Yarmouth beam. The needle has slowly swung to 270°,

continued

There's the shore line—there! Flares, the field where I must be identified, is on the radio; I tell them I have sighted the shore; they clear me to come down to 500 feet for a low pass over the field. I reply that I am at tree-top altitude and may delay there?—I don't want to have to climb. . . .

This cabin is a busy place now. I am trying to tell Flares where I am; they are trying to tell me where to go. The chatter is continuous. My ADF points straight ahead to the beacon—there's the field! I burst out over the trees, get one quick glimpse of hangars, planes, people waving; I cut as close to the tower as I dare—now they are gone again. Did they see me? Yes—here they are: "You are positively identified. . . . Good luck!" And already I am over water again; now I can take a northerly heading. I feel happy and satisfied.

1800 hours. Oh, for a drink of water! I flew through a couple of rain-storms and tried to catch some water in a cup—no good. At 120 miles per hour it is atomized. My coffee is all gone; my tea has turned rancid. It smells so badly it almost turns my stomach; shall I throw it away? No, better keep it; I still have a long way to go. . . .

2200 hours. Am having trouble getting bearings. Those busy skies ahead must be full of thunderstorms—the ADF is pointing here, there and everywhere, picking up static. I am somewhere near Jamaica, but where? I'm beginning to feel uneasy; this would be an awful time to get lost.

0100 hours. The sunset is unbelievable. I am in a pool of stillness, golden stillness, and below me the white furrows of the sea rush past, giving me a feeling of speeding westward. Ahead is a line of storms, thick columns curtained with rain; behind me an enormous thunderhead fills the sky, a blazing golden mountain. I dream in beauty. I fly in utter calm and peace. For the first time in 36 hours the air is smooth and gentle. I can relax. . . .

Sunrise, Thursday morning. In 36 years of flying I don't think I have ever spent a more terrible night. I let down my guard at sunset. I forgot the danger of getting lost, I dreamed along in that unbelievably beautiful air. And then the darkness hit me like a pall. I suddenly realized that I didn't know where I was. There were storms everywhere, I couldn't get my bearings. Was I over Yantata? Or Guatemala? I didn't know. But I could feel mountains, out there in the dark. So I climbed. It was a piteously feeling. I turned back, headed northeast, then northwest again and finally found myself with a bearing on New Orleans.

I don't know how much time I lost, but I am safe now. My main cabin tanks went dry at the precise instant when I crossed the coast at Corpus Christi—all except the seat tank, which I am running on now. There are 40 gallons there, 60 more in the wings. I can fly more than 12 hours on that, so I am happy, I know I will make it.

1715 hours. Think! Think! And it hurts me to sit! I have been lifting myself off the seat on my hands as much as possible for the last few hours, trying to ease my aching buttocks and legs. Meanwhile, I have just been interviewed. The El Paso radio station called me; I am sorry I had to disappoint all these people ready to welcome me down there, but I must go on; I think I can make San Francisco. But I am keeping that to myself.

2115 hours. Los Angeles below. I am dried out, lips cracked; it would be wonderful to land and get a drink of water and stand up, but I think I can go on. I still have one whole wing tank left, 30 gallons.

A Comanche flies beside me, one of John Baker's planes (the Piper distributor in Los Angeles). They feel I should land here. Everything is all set and ready, TV cameras, reporters, newsmen. But I haven't touched my last tank yet; I'd hate to land with 30 gallons left, it doesn't seem right. But I guess I'd better—and oh! for a drink of water!

There goes the other tank; I am just starting my approach; I switch over quickly. I am landing with 30 gallons of gas! Well, never mind. I have got to be careful now; the airplane will be riding very tail-high with all that weight gone. Los Angeles here we come—and I hope somebody has a drink of water waiting!

2147 hours. 110 *Let's Flip* is on the ground, nearly 59 hours out of Canada. It's good to be alive! ■■■

pointing straight left at right angles to our course. The signals beeping musically through the loudspeaker blend gradually into one continuous hum—A's and N's canceling each other out to indicate the center of the beam. The clouds below are widely scattered now, the sun shines bright and warm into the cockpit, the air outside feels cold and pure and we feel warm and snug. Engines are running beautifully, throttled down, quiet. I eat a peanut-butter-and-jam sandwich, and we both have a swallow of coffee. "I don't know

natic compass, gyrocompass, artificial horizon, electric turn-and-bank indicator, rate-of-climb indicator, sensitive altimeter, suction gauge and the rest of the standard instruments.

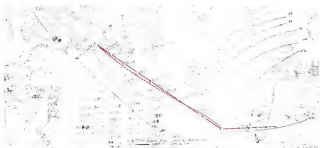
Power settings: throttle, props and mixture are all in a line about halfway down the quadrant. The mixture has been leaned down quite considerably. We are running at 2,200 rpm, which Max figures is probably around 20 inches of manifold pressure. The ship now trims almost level, with the nose trim still as full down position; we are slowly using up some of that tail weight in the cabin tanks.

1629 hours. We have now been fly-

ing the little fluffy clouds that are now beginning to appear. At first I think it is two ships sailing together, a little one and a big one. Then it looks like two planes, flying low; but what would two planes be doing way out here at wave-top height? They duck in and out of the clouds, seeming to change their shape, but now the shape comes clear—it's a liner, and quite a big one, trailing a white wake.

I ask Max whether we could raise the ship on the radio. "No," he says. "For some reason the sea and the air don't mix as far as communications are concerned."

1701 and here is Sable Island, right



TRANSATLANTIC PASSAGE is shown on this weather map on which Conrad noted his position, reports and other navigational

data during flight. Counterclockwise winds circling around low-pressure area (top center) helped the plane on the crossing.

when I've had it better at the start of a crossing," says Max.

I take over again for a while, and Max checks weather reports from Canada. At 1605 we are told on the Yarmouth beam, so we switch over to Dartmouth, halfway up the coast of Nova Scotia near Halifax. The signal comes in loud and clear.

Here is our instrument situation: we have cut off the lines to the manifold-pressure and oil-pressure gauges; Max does not consider them essential for the trip and so prefers to eliminate them as possible sources of trouble. We have also disconnected the engine priming lines for the same reason. We have our ADF, dual VHF radio with omni navigation facilities, instrument-landing system, including runway localizer and glide-slope indicator, and Max's SunAir HF radio for long-distance work. We have mag-

netic compass, gyrocompass, artificial horizon, electric turn-and-bank indicator, rate-of-climb indicator, sensitive altimeter, suction gauge and the rest of the standard instruments. Power settings: throttle, props and mixture are all in a line about halfway down the quadrant. The mixture has been leaned down quite considerably. We are running at 2,200 rpm, which Max figures is probably around 20 inches of manifold pressure. The ship now trims almost level, with the nose trim still as full down position; we are slowly using up some of that tail weight in the cabin tanks. 1629 hours. We have now been fly-

ing a little over two hours. We try Sable Island on the ADF and raise them at 340°. They transmit one minute after the hour and half hour in clear weather, so at first we wonder if our clock is wrong; but no, at 1631 we get them again. "Must be foggy up there," says Max. "Seems very likely that it should be." We down here are CAVU—ceiling and visibility unlimited—with blue sky above, blue sea beneath, and a pale daytime moon hanging transparently in the sky ahead. Our air speed is 130 mph, our altitude 6,800 feet, and everything is just fine.

1650 hours and we are coming up on two thin bands of clouds far below.

We have just reset the gyrocompass again; it needs to be reset about every half hour.

1655 hours. We see a ship off the port bow, playing hide-and-seek with

on time. We tune back to Dartmouth, and find we are passing through the beam. Projecting the beam down to our course, it looks as though we were a little ahead of our estimated position. Max calls New York to give our new position, checks back to Sable Island on the ADF, and a rough fix places us indeed quite a bit ahead.

I am flying again, and I find I now have to hold the wheel slightly back to keep straight and level, so I trim the nose up a bit. It strikes me that we will be doing this from now on until the cabin tanks are empty; bit by bit that red dot on the trim setting will slide back like an unofficial gas gauge registering our fuel consumption, until at last it will be in normal trim position, in the middle. . . .

1815 hours. We call New York—three times—no reply. On the third try Max gets an answering call from

"McKinley." We have no idea who McKinley is, but he relays our new position to New York for us. Max has again reached it forward from earlier estimates; we are doing well.

For the last half hour or so I have been slowly milking D-GARY up to her cruising altitude from about 4,000 feet. This is a wonderfully delicate job, as I have been trying to do it without either Max or the engines noticing the climb. I watch the airspeed dial, the altimeter dial, the rate-of-climb dial alternately, watch the horizon and very, very gently ease back the wheel with my fingers. Inch by inch we go up; then I relax too much and we slide down again. It is like climbing a slippery hill. I trim the nose up just a touch, less than a quarter turn, and finally we make it, with a real sense of triumph on my part. Max meanwhile has been checking here and there on the radio. At 1940 we are to call New York again.

The cloud floor ahead is slowly starting up toward our altitude. The sky is still clear blue above, but a deeper blue now, and the sun's rays glint from behind.

At 1948 hours we get our first sign of the mother ship *Delta*. *Delta* has been patrolling the seas near 40° west and 18° north. We are but a brief flicker on the ADF dial, which has been tuned to her frequency for some time now; almost as soon as we see her, she begins again. It is odd, in this world of radio communication, how one comes to feel with these invisible radio waves, to sense with the instruments—it is as though I actually had caught a brief glimpse of this unknown ship somewhere far below, plunging in the dark seas, sending out its pulsing beacon signal. *Delta* transmits regularly at 1949-5 to 19:50 to 20:55 to 40:55 to 55, so we wait now for the 50-55 signal. She is pretty far away, on our left between Newfoundland and the Azores, but we have hopes that we can raise her. The minutes pass. No good. She is too far away.

We raise New York at 1950 and give our position. We try Santa Maria, too, for the first time—and here is Santa Maria, loud and clear. We are now about five hours out. The time has just sped by; it hardly seems possible that we have been going that long. We have Argentina, Newfoundland, on the ADF, bearing about 280°. We are moving slowly toward land's end in North America; soon we will have these friendly beacons

no more. As far away as they are, they are a link, nonetheless, like milestones on the road—towns and villages which we pass unseen and unheard but which are as real to us out here over the ocean as though we could in fact see their houses, churches and stores sliding past in the darkness of distance, brief glimpses of light in the long vista of our journey.

There is another ship, seen through a great hole in the cloud floor to our left. The third one so far; tiny, remote so far below. It would be nice if we could talk to it.

At 1950 hours we try Cerros Station (Delaware note: The ADF shows a weak signal; Max can't impress on it, so we let it go. In the past, an occasion, he has asked for a continuous beacon to navigate by; this time we don't need it, at least not yet).

2000 hours, and I see a strange and beautiful rainbow effect on the thick, gray, endless floor of clouds ahead of us—a pastel-colored rainbow, an elongated elliptical pattern of lavender, purple, pale red, pale blue. On this silent landscape of great, piled-up layers of clouds it is lovely. Is it ice crystals, perhaps?

THE skycape is immense, darkling, limitless and lonely. The sky is slowly turning a deep blue-purple overhead, the sun's rays are awakening behind us and I have a strong feeling of night coming, and cold. It is one of those rare (so far) little moments of apprehension, when I realize with a brief stab of clarity where we are, how small we are in this vast air-water world, how vulnerable we are. I don't allow the thought to grow, and there is no reason to. We fly untouched by any of these risks and perils—two engines which have never even had a catch is their beautiful and reassuring rhythm, a warm calm insulated against the coming night, a friend who sits now hunched over his radio, the headset inconspicuously framing his curly gray hair, glasses perched on his nose, his face intent on the flick, red-glowing windows of the ADF set, which reaches out with unseen voice and ear to bring signs of other men, friends of passage, far away in the darkening world outside.

Yet the sense of loneliness at this moment is inescapable and inevitable, for we are flying in an utterly fantastic world, a world so vast and strange that it is as though the nearest microcosm, aliens talented by the

silence because of our total insignificance in its infinite expanse. It is an enormous cold gray world of huge and barbed clouds reaching as far as the eye can see beneath the chill dark sky. In this lonely landscape now and then a pool appears, a pond or a lake—openings of various sizes from small to miles across like pools in a landscape of ascending snow. And now a thin, thin veil is drawn across these openings, the forest of gauze, and the almost forgotten, final rays of sunlight make beams of light across the peaks and valleys of cloud. In this veil the pastel rainbow appears and disappears, shimmering like a pale will-o'-the-wisp, rising and falling across the hills and gorges. And every now and then, through some such lonely chasm, the sun appears below, cold, cruel, wind-whipped and solo-gray.

2030 hours. Almost six hours out of Boston, and Argentina is ahead, a faint but still distinct signal bearing 250°. We tune in Yerba, land's end for us on the tip of Newfoundland near St. John's; it comes in even more faintly, and almost on the same bearing as Argentina. There is perhaps a spread of 12° between them; projecting this on our weather chart, we find we are somewhat further south than we had thought. We correct our heading a bit and steer 115°. We are losing our contact with the land.

2040 hours. We call New York, get no reply. We call Santa Maria, silence. We call again: "Santa Maria, Santa Maria Approach, this is Apache Delta, Gulf, Alpha, Romeo, Yankee . . ." We get an answer, loud and clear, from Gander. Max gives Gander our position and our estimate for our next call at 2215.

The sun sinks lower, and our pastel rainbow grows in size, diminishes in light, moves ahead to the horizon and finally disappears, merged into the gray and lavender of the eastern sky. Behind us the sun goes down in a blaze of red and orange. Outside temperature is 18°, air speed a steady 135, power settings unchanged. The light grows dim; soon it will be dark. The moon, too, has moved behind us; it will not set long after the sun, and we will be alone with the stars.

2100 hours. The sun has disappeared.

2101 hours, and Max tries Cerros Station *Delta* on the ADF again. The needle flicks slowly around the dial, stops at around 30° and pulses

continued

restlessly and rather vaguely. "She's hunting for something there," says Max, "and that's about where the weather ship ought to be." To check, he switches it off briefly; the needle turns on the dial, but comes back to the same heading when he switches on again. He tunes in on the Torbay frequency; slowly the needle homes on 27. Both stations are too weak to hear; both indicate by their weakness that we may be farther south than we had thought. But that's O.K.; we'll be blown back northward when we reach the other side of this counterclockwise wind pattern.

Darkness is closing in fast now. Outside everything is pearly gray; the sky behind has changed to rose. The deep chasms in the cloud floor seem mysterious and vast—dark, silent rivers winding through the landscape of an unreal world.

2140 hours. We call *Ocean Station Delta*. There is no reply, but her signal is coming in strongly now. Max pulls out his facilities chart and finds the weather ship on it—she patrols an area marked off in squares, each square lettered, across and down. By the letters in her signal we can tell where she is: if she sends C and P at the end of her regular call letters, for instance, we find C, run our finger down to where it meets row P, and there is where she is.

A curious thing develops. We seem to be getting two different signals from the weather ship—both with her regular call letters but with different location letters. One indicates she is in the southwest corner of the grid area, the other that she is over on the eastern side. We check and recheck. Are there two weather ships in the area? We don't know.

2215 hours. We call Santa Maria and give our position. We also start up to 9,000 feet and ask for clearance to that altitude. The cloud floor below has been rising slowly to meet us; now we are beginning to brush the peaks of that unruly landscape, and little wisps of fog make brief flashes of our red and green navigation lights on the wings as they whip past. It is an eerie feeling, particularly when we cross one of those cavernous openings that lead down to the dark sea so far below.

We send our request for a new altitude again and again to Santa Maria, without reply. Meanwhile I milk D-GARY slowly upward, out of the

reach of those looming, seemingly so solid peaks of cloud.

2235 hours. Santa Maria comes in and clears us to 9,000, but wants us to let down to 7,000 again when we reach 40° west. We're not far from there now, but let's enjoy our higher level while we can.

Ocean Station Delta is running in strong now, and we are almost abreast of her. Still no solution to the mystery of the two divergent signals. Max thinks that perhaps the relief ship is coming in.

The moon is low and far behind us now. The stars are clear and glittering in the cold blue sky.

2318 hours. We pick up the beeper at Lajes, the U.S. base in the Azores, on the ADF. The signal is faint but the direction is positive, and we are exactly on course.

2355 hours. *Ocean Station Delta* is transmitting again, but again the signal has changed. We check its position on the grid—much too far for the ship to have traveled since we last heard her. A mystery. But again we are drawing abreast of her, almost; however, in fact.

2359 hours. We are abreast of *Ocean Station Delta*. The clouds are piling up now in great searing peaks, reaching almost to our new altitude; the floor is breaking up—the skyline now looks like a series of vast, scattered mountain ranges with great, dark open spaces in between. Our cabin is bathed in the warm red glow of the instrument lights which shine down from the ceiling onto the panel and make the radium dials glow.

WE call *Ocean Station Delta*, and receive a strong answer from MATS 3346, a Military Air Transport Service plane, asking if we need any assistance, sir. We are flattered by this form of address and ask him for his weather, whether he has heard from Santa Maria and, if so, how he reads them. He replies that he is two hours out of Lajes and that the weather for Lajes is expected to stay good. We ask him what his altitude is. "We're at 14,000 in the clouds," he says, and it develops that there is a faint, between us and the islands. Once through it, however, he says we

should be in the clear. "By the way," says Max in that low, slow, careful voice of his, "we were talking to somebody called McKinley. It sounded like, some time ago—do you know where or who McKinley is?" Back comes the strong voice from MATS 3346: "Sounds like Bermuda to me, Kinley Field in Bermuda." We thank him and sign off, and MATS 3346 wings on his way. A friendly fellow, and it is a comfort to think of him, big and powerful, 14,000 feet up, and homeward bound.

2340 hours. We call Santa Maria to give our position, and Clipper 134 answers. He sounds crisp and efficient as all hell. He relays, then comes back with the request that we try another frequency. O.K., say we, and ask where he is. He gives his position—behind us quite a way, at 21,000 feet. "He'll be catching us and passing us before long," says Max, "and we probably won't even know it."

We are drawing near that front now, and a few small bumps remind us that it is time to tighten our seat belts. I peer ahead into the darkness—a darkness dirty but surprisingly well lit only by the stars. It is a diffused, all-pervading sort of dimness, less a light than a lightening of what otherwise would be total blackness—and by it I see the front ahead—a great, dark, towering bank of cloud reaching right across the horizon, a looming cliff of blackness with a grandfather's fringe of tufted white along the top, blowing with the wind.

If MATS 3346 is at 14,000 feet and still in that we can't possibly climb over it. We can't fly around it either. For us there's only one thing: keep on going, straight ahead.

2340 hours. The temperature is rising—it's above freezing outside now. We have entered between two layers of cloud, one flitting out that awesome range below, the other shadowing the ominous sky above. The front still looms ahead—it is awe-inspiring, like flying almost blindly toward mountains that we know we cannot climb. This is what pilots call weather—a silent, implacable enemy that can only be met on his own terms. Behind it lie the Azores—but what lies in between?

NEXT WEEK: INTO THE STORM

Blue fire and white ice . . . Horta's rocky peak . . . Romeo Yankee calling . . . The drag of sleep . . . The loveliest hours

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

BOXING: COUP OF THE YEAR

NEW YORK

"WELL, THERE IS NO DOUBT!" *Jackie's Fight and Floyd's Problem* is *Collision*, 51, June 22, *MURKIN* SPENDING GLORY OF THE YEAR. ILLUSTRATIONS TO ROBERT BAKER AND SPORTS ILLUSTRATED DID THE SPIDER COUP OF THE YEAR.

JOHN H. H. GERRER

New York

RE: NEW YORK

I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES. DID KANK, BAKER AND SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PUT THE FIVE IN? SAY IT AIN'T SO.

D. F. BRINKER

Philadelphia

RE: NEW YORK

FOR THE FIGHT HAS THREE PARTS: YOUR PREVIEW, THE FIGHT ITSELF OVER THE RINGS AND THE WEEK'S ISSUE WHEN I THOUGHT YOUR WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHS WILL LET ME SEE WHAT I HEARD.

GEORGE JENNISON

Boston

RE: NEW YORK

HERE IS YOUR SPONSOR OF THE YEAR. *COLLISION* AND *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

New York

RE: NEW YORK

IT IS UP TO YOU TO SHOW THE THIRD PART. THE RINGS ARE VERY IMPORTANT. C. H. BRINKER

Atlanta

■ See page 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. —ED.

BOXING: JUST BEFORE

THE BATTLE, BROOKER ...

RE: NEW YORK

It seems to me that altogether too much criticism concerning Floyd Patterson and Gus D'Amato has of late been appearing in the press, and in sports magazines. I have heard, of course, by the time these lines in their defense are read, Patterson may have made a workday of boxing today.

There is a world of difference between Gus's almost morbid and often foolish superstitions of everyone in the world of boxing and the lawless and cynical man who controlled the market before his advent. It's his usual daily routine, such as putting his fighter's opponent under his tutelage and serving to eliminate managers to another. His is the assassin of the corner candy store owner who suddenly finds himself running the A&P store. Furthermore, the fight game those Gus and his boy out of action for years, and now that Gus is in, through his own efforts, he was no reason, and quite rightly, for thinking all is for the best in this

continued on p. 10

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Fuel economy based on 1959 EPA estimates. 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 3549, 3550, 3551, 3552, 3553, 3554, 3555, 3556, 3557, 3558, 3559, 3560, 3561, 3562, 3563, 3564, 3565, 3566, 3567, 3568, 3569, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3573, 3574, 3575, 3576, 3577, 3578, 3579, 3580, 3581, 3582, 3583, 3584, 3585, 3586, 3587, 3588, 3589, 3590, 3591, 3592, 3593, 3594, 3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614, 3615, 3616, 3617, 3618, 3619, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3624, 3625, 3626, 3627, 3628, 3629, 3630, 3631, 3632, 3633, 3634, 3635, 3636, 3637, 3638, 3639, 3640, 364

is a gender ball park of sound dimensions, although it won't permit the relatively few extremely large catches whose dimensions prior the Dodgers cannot resist even for a couple of years.

A more serious result of this Santiago-Rio attitude is that many baseball feldowns in southern California, including numerous ones being miles away from the Coliseum, are deprived of TV coverage of all games except the 11 which the Dodgers themselves play at San Francisco. A Game of the Week or an Arm-in-From League game is never allowed to be shown on the TV screen, though the Dodgers may be playing in 1984 miles away in Philadelphia. Whereas in responsible, it's a policy likely to backfire to discourage general interest in the sport is not, in the long run, the most effective way to force people into attending Dodger games.

Even Dodger radio commentators, whose standing with community leaders on the airwaves, are not exactly beloved in mentioned stages of other games.

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It was a husband's holiday for the group because Captain Jones is owner and skipper of a 65-foot Jersey-built tuna boat. The seasonal run of the giant billfish here resulted by mid-June in a catch only a few short of the total take of 26 blue marlin from mid-May to mid-November in 1984.

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